NATIONAL REVIEW

40 Cents
February 13, 1960

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

France: No Villains, No Hero

AN EDITORIAL

The Case of Paul H. Hughes —The Liberal Light that Failed

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

As the South Sees It

RICHARD WHALEN

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . SIR SHANE LESLIE

ALAN McCONE JR. · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · RALPH DE TOLEDANO

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Weekly, Inc. at 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. (second class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.). Copyright 1960 in the U.S.A. by National Weekly, Inc. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of address and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

RATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page issues are available separately at $10.00 a year. In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.
The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

For the Record

Boxed and waiting for rush distribution is Adlai Stevenson's campaign button reading "Two Strikes Isn't Out." . . . AFL-CIO leaders, behind Stevenson in '56, cool to his candidacy this time. . . . New Jersey Democrats, looking for senatorial candidate, cast an eye on former Ambassador to the Soviet Union, "container" George Kennan. . . . Republican group in Pacific Northwest has started mail campaign aimed at Nixon, recommending "the excellent planks in the 1952 platform, some entirely unused, others with just enough use to season them." . . . A Cuban cabinet member voiced opinion over Havana TV that Cuban-U. S. relations would improve with a Democratic victory in November.

Official Soviet travel at all-time high with big-shots either in, or en route home from the United States, Liberia, Guinea, the Camerouns, India, Argentina, Cuba. . . . Khrushchev leaves soon for India, Indonesia, where Asia's two biggest CP's are arranging the mass welcomes. . . . In line with Spirit of Camp David, insiders say CIA has been instructed "not to encourage defection of Soviet citizens.". . . Tactical victory for Representative Walter: his bill to set up new security system for defense plant workers, on consent calendar, slipped through under nose of House Liberals who failed to recognize it.

Clare Boothe Luce to Mrs. Henry Ford II, a letter criticizing splendor of recent Ford daughter debut (Wayne Morse might disapprove?). . . . Former French Premier Georges Bidault—who stayed out of the news during Algerian crisis—will probably be spearhead of responsible, non-violent center-right opposition to de Gaulle. . . . Congressman Emmanuel Celler asking State Department and Army to confirm or deny story brought to light by John Chamberlain (NR, January 16) that Charles Lindbergh was on mission to help German Jews when Goering decorated him. "If it is a fact," said Celler, "we should all be delighted to credit Colonel Lindbergh with this civic and humanitarian act."

Investigators sifting wrecks of recently crashed commercial airliners stumped by the eerie and unexplained total failure of all electronic equipment on the ill-fated craft. . . . Those blooming flowers again: Communist Chinese Ministry of Public Security (political police) has declared February "Love the People Month."

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The WEEK

● Not all of his closest friends and enemies are convinced that Nelson Rockefeller has totally, absolutely, positively and no-fingers-crossed bowed out of the race. His failure even to mention Nixon's name in his speech to the Republican $100-a-plate dinner and his continuing willingness to make public comment on national and international affairs suggest to some that he would be a willing subject of a miracle. As possible forms for a political miracle, they mention: Vice Presidential illness, death or a super-gaffe; sudden economic slump at home or grave crisis abroad, either of which would smash the Peace and Prosperity foundation of the Eisenhower-Nixon campaign.

● The Communists took a drubbing in India's Kerala election last week—a decisive defeat at the polls, once more illustrating the axiom that those who know Communism best dislike it most. Kerala has had its Communist government—and had to throw it out by force. The Indian Communists, who behaved more like Communists than Indians during the Tibetan and border crises, were not given another chance. A popular front of Nehru's Congress Party and other parties from Right to Left won a sizable majority of the electorate, and the parliamentary basis for an anti-Communist coalition government. Fortunately, Indian conservatives forgot that it was a betrayal of principle, even in a crisis, to form a united front against Communism with Liberals, Socialists and centrists.

● For those who have tended to despair over events in France in recent weeks, we offer these new directives regulating the relations between French generals and the press (as stated by humorist André Froissard in the conservative *l'Aurore*):

1. General officers shall grant no interviews.
2. If, however, they do grant interviews, they shall grant them only to representatives of French newspapers.
3. If they nevertheless prefer to grant interviews to representatives of foreign newspapers, they shall not address themselves to domestic political issues.
4. If nevertheless they do address themselves to domestic political issues, they shall do so only to express approval of government policy.
5. If nevertheless they choose to criticize government policy, they shall do so with moderation.
6. If nevertheless they criticize government policy in sharp language, they shall do so without naming names.
7. Should they nevertheless name names, they shall see to it that their statements shall be followed up immediately with a disavowal; which disavowal may, for the rest, be drawn up by any officer of equal or superior rank.
8. Any report on such a matter shall be followed, whether under compulsion or not under compulsion, by the declaration: "The incident is closed."

● CUISINE ON THE AFRICAN SCENE: Nigeria is having its headaches these days, a mere eight months away from total independence and UN membership. Not only have the Ndozi Obodu (a vigilante group which has strangled—with bicycle chains—some 219 individuals in the past six years) been active, but the Jujus are back. The Jujus derive their strength and courage from a rite in which they eat the hearts and assorted accessories of their human enemies. Twenty-seven Nigerians were arrested last week for the pursuit of such sustenance, and charged with cannibalism. The newspapers, of course, didn't mention the incidents; it might make for momentary embarrassment during Nigeria's entry into the family of nations. We are forwarding the information to the chef at the United Nations restaurant—mindful of his special days devoted to the distinctive foods of the UN members.

● Magistrate Milton Solomon has consented to the reduction of the charges against the three young Brooklyn punks who undertook a couple of weeks ago to do their bit to settle the problems of the world by conspiring to "beat up a few Jews" across the park. Originally Mr. Solomon, with egregious judicial gravity solemnly reflected in headlines across the nation, demanded no less than death for the defendants, invoking an antique New York statute on treason which he had never, so far as the record shows, judged condign for conspirators against the commonweal on the order of, say, the Communists. NATIONAL REVIEW predicted at the time that someone in the judicial hierarchy would be coolheaded enough to suggest to Mr. Solomon that he is an ass, and evidently someone did, so now the young Aryans will go to trial for their mischief, but will get, upon being found guilty, the 90 days in the jug assigned to "disorderly conduct" instead of the electric chair. Mr. Solomon will have to content himself with his dreams.

● Remember that human-interest story a week or so ago, about the Lithuanian couple in Chicago who persuaded Khrushchev, on his visit here, to permit their two children back in Soviet-ruled Lithuania to join them in this country? We'll bet they never

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suspected what the episode really proved—but Fox Movietone News did! Last week, in theaters across the nation, newsreels flashed pictures of the tearful airport reunion. And then the announcer trilled the moral of the story: "Reunion in Chicago with world-wide implications: Mr. K can keep a promise." This time it looks as if old Mr. Bruin had put a fast one over on Br'er Fox. Or was it Br'er Fox who wanted it that way?

● "I got jittery and decided to stay there until found," explained Dr. Linus Pauling to the rescue workers who guided him off a narrow, slippery shale ledge 300 feet over the Pacific, on which he had perched for nearly 24 hours one day last week. Dr. Pauling's jitters are not to be taken lightly. One of them, about H-bombs, may in the long run destroy the West.

● Dr. Billy Graham has gone to Ghana, only to learn that in going there to preach his chiliastic gospel, he is behind events. Of this he has been informed by *The Evening News,* a newspaper founded by Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah, which announced on Graham's arrival that "Nkrumahism is the highest form of Christianity in an age of greed and hypocrisy." As for Graham himself, said the *News,* he is a good actor and a good psychologist, but has no "new message greater than that which Kwame Nkrumah of Africa is interpreting in word and deed to the world today." Nkrumah's Message? "Seek Ye First the Political Kingdom," the editorial was called. God Number One said his kingdom was not of this world. God Number Two gives his people a more progressive dispensation.

● In an era of patty-cake politics and bashful candidates, the Republicans of New Jersey are indeed lucky. They have a choice this year of senatorial candidates. On the one hand is the incumbent, Senator Clifford Case, a Liberal Republican who broke party lines nineteen times in the last session of Congress, always toward the left and more federal aid for schools, airports, housing, pensions and public power. On the other, there is Judge Robert Morris, former Chief Counsel for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, in recent months about the most active senatorial candidate in America. Robert Morris doesn't understand equivocation. His platform is clear. He is: opposed to the repeal of the Connally Reservation re the international court (see editorial below); for resumption of nuclear weapons tests and against appeasement; against recognition of Red China; for firmness toward Cuba and Panama. He opposes federal encroachments on states' rights; has demanded a full investigation of the Bang-Jensen case. He is a man all Americans, not only the people of New Jersey, would be privileged to support. The New Jersey primary comes early enough (April 19) to have a major political effect on the entire 1960 campaign. For conservatives it is probably the most important contest of the year. And Robert Morris can win both the nomination and election with adequate support. Contributions can be sent to The Committee for Robert Morris, 4 North Willow Street, Trenton, N.J. The Committee also wants to hear from New Jersey residents who can get into the practical work.

● "Education and the American Cause" is the general topic for discussion at AWARE's annual educational conference, February 27 at the Hotel Wellington, 55th Street and 7th Avenue in New York City. A panel of educators—Miss Ruth Klein of Brooklyn College, Rev. Francis X. O'Brien, S.J., formerly of Canisius College, and Professor Martin Weinbaum of Queens College—will open the morning session at 10 a.m. with a general discussion of how American traditions and principles fare at the hands of modern educationists. In the afternoon, a student panel representing a number of universities will take over. The program, moderated by Mrs. Lucille Cardin Crain, will also feature a film of the Communist Vienna Youth Festival, a student educator quiz, and questions from the audience.

Please Walk into My Parlor

In 1946, the Senate passed a resolution subjecting the United States to the jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice, but only after a cautious amendment was added, on motion of Senator Connally, providing that this country would reserve the right to exempt from the Court's jurisdiction matters deemed by us to be "essentially domestic" in nature. A prudent reservation, one would think, in relation to a Court consisting of jurists from fifteen countries, some of which (the Soviet Union, Poland and the United Arab Republic, at present instance) have legal systems based on premises wildly different from our own.

Hubert Humphrey, among whose virtues prudence has never been conspicuous, has introduced a resolution to repeal this Connally Amendment and subject the United States unconditionally to the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court. Such eminent Republicans as Eisenhower, Nixon and Herter have joined the Liberal ideologues in support of Senator Humphrey's initiative. Few proposals before the Congress this year are more heavily loaded against the best interests of this country.

Proponents of the Humphrey resolution argue that we must seek world peace through "the rule of law."

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But law is a system of rules based upon some set of common ethical concepts and principles. Though the legal system of a cannibal kingdom, or a Communist or Fascist dictatorship, may be self-consistent, it does not follow that it can be blended with ours. The very existence of the United States, or of any other country, bespeaks a conviction that its *mores,* institutions and traditions constitute a reasonably harmonious entity, distinct from and perhaps superior to other possible codes. Until this harmony extends to the world at large, there can be no "rule of law" among the separate nations, nor should there be. A "World Court" today can only be a device for bringing political pressure on countries whose concepts of right and wrong may differ from the common ethical denominator of a body whose members are elected by Yemen, Ghana, Afghanistan and their colleagues of the UN General Assembly.

Perhaps it is true, as supporters of the Humphrey resolution contend, that the World Court can be trusted to keep its nose out of such "essentially domestic" matters as school integration in the South—though the UN has proclaimed the universality of various "rights" that would seem relevant to such problems. But who doubts that the Court might well find itself entitled to jurisdiction over questions involving the Panama Canal, nuclear tests, tariffs, offshore oil, Antarctic bases, American soldiers abroad . . .?

We may be sure that many such issues would be brought before the World Court by India, or Cuba, or Cameroun. Even if, after months or years, the Court declined jurisdiction, the Liberal International would have had a propaganda field day in the interim.

Tom Connally is gone from the Senate. Though *Time* once sneeringly conferred on him the epithet "Minor Statesman," we could wish that his prudent unwillingness to sign away the sovereign rights of his country were shared today by the leaders of the present Administration. Let them reflect that they too have sworn to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.

Every One of Us the Fairest

The Democrats always look a little awkward when they go out calling for increased armaments against the Soviet threat (odd days, even days they are calling for a suspension of nuclear tests), for it is they primarily who are obsessed by the notions that war is unthinkable, that reason will triumph, that our differences with the Communists are negotiable, that Khrushchev needs peace, that coexistence is the prerequisite to survival. Why should we, if all this is true, be so worried about a time lag of a year or so?

But the burden of Democratic hypocrisy nowadays rests not so much on the violence their concern over arms does to their foreign policy assumptions, as on the inconsistency of their rhetoric. If indeed the Administration of General Eisenhower is derelict in providing for the common defense (and we tend to agree that it is), then let us indeed make the sacrifices necessary to bridge the gap. But what are the Democrats proposing? Not that we should allocate to the national defense the money that is available from the government's income, at the expense of other public projects, but that we should have billions more for defense, and rural electrification too.

Hubert Horatio Humphrey once told an editor of NATIONAL REVIEW (a sometime academic colleague) in a moment of great expansiveness: "You know how I came to be mayor of Minneapolis? Nothing to it. Here I am addressing a picnic at the First Ward. I look down at the squirming children in the front row and say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I've been all over the state. Nowhere, *nowhere,* have I seen such beautiful children, such perfect specimens of health as the children I see seated before me this minute. They are a great credit to their parents.' And then—the next afternoon, talking to the Thirtieth Ward, I'd say *exactly* the same thing!" he roared exultantly. Senator Humphrey—and his colleagues in the Democratic Party—are up to the same trick, at the next political level. They can look at a shabby Air Force, an avaricious farmer, an imperialist from the National Education Association lobby, a pink-cheeked Urban Renewalite, and to each they say, "Thou art the fairest of them all."

That is the reason why the apocalyptic warnings of the Symingtons and Humphreys about our defense system are meeting up with the kind of massive indifference which is not a faithful reflection, let us hope, of the value the public puts on the national safety.

Release Them From Their Cages

Under insistent questioning by members of the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee, General Thomas S. Power, chief of the Strategic Air Command, repeated his warning of our vulnerability to the kind of surprise attack that our enemy may soon be able to launch. He thus publicly disputed the comfortable picture that the Administration has painted by choosing its colors from the spectrum of enemy "intentions" rather than "capabilities." General Power declared himself unable to explain Defense Secretary Gates' attempted rebuttal of his figures as "unrealistic" and "oversimplified."

As in his January 28 speech to the American

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Legion, General Power stated that 300 Soviet missiles could destroy our retaliatory force as at present deployed on the ground and at fixed launching sites. He held that Russia can and probably will possess those 300 missiles before we have the railway-mounted Minutemen and submarine-carried missiles that would be immune to enemy destruction.

He proposed as the only interim solution immediate steps—including budgetary provision—to initiate the continuous air-borne alert long advocated by NATIONAL REVIEW for SAC's now caged planes. Does the Administration intend to risk adding SAC's bases to Hickham and Clark?

Carrefour

"At last we'll see those Russian rockets. We're getting so bored with American atomic bombs!"

Towards Cuba: Inaction

General C. P. Cabell is the deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency, but it must not be automatically assumed that he is unqualified to say anything interesting or relevant about world Communism.

General Cabell testified before the Senate's Internal Security Subcommittee on November 5, and that testimony is now public. General Cabell states that in his opinion, and that of CIA, Fidel Castro is not now a Communist and has not ever been one. But he goes on to say what we have been insisting on at NATIONAL REVIEW for longer, perhaps, than the CIA: namely, that the formality seems to be making very little difference to the course of events. It is the ambition of the Communists in Latin America, General Cabell points out, to encourage the explosion of non-Communist revolutionary governments, whose momentum the Communists can ride, and direct with the view of exploiting these governments for their own purposes and eventually of taking them over. The Communists, says the general, are "delighted" with the government of Fidel Castro. Anastas Mikoyan's smile, as he arrived in Havana to open the Soviet exhibition, cheerily confirmed the CIA estimate.

The testimony was released by the Senate Subcommittee the same week during which the President once again opted, vis-à-vis Cuba, for a course of further vacillation. Mr. Eisenhower's remarks about Cuba were so saccharine that they caught even the Cubans off guard for a few moments, and in his reply President Dorticos was almost civil; but that will not last, for reasons known even to the CIA: namely, that Communism is never static—it advances or it retreats. And the United States continues to do nothing to impede the Communists' advance toward control of the substantive affairs of Cuba.

It is all very well to counsel patience. Patience is a virtue. Patience we could understand *provided* we knew that the United States Government had decided on the objective of ousting Fidel Castro by the most expedient means. But has General Eisenhower arrived at such a decision? Has he, in fact, instructed the covert agencies of inexplicit government policy to adopt the so-called Guatemala approach toward Cuba? Did he, at the press conference at which he spoke of non-interference in the internal affairs of Cuba, wink over there, in the direction of Allen Dulles? Alas, there are grounds for doubting it. Which means there are grounds for believing the worst: that President Eisenhower actually believes the menace posed by the creeping Communization of Cuba will go away, chased out to sea by one of the President's homilies about the love the Cuban and American people have for one another.

We remind the Government once again that a people's toleration for a charismatic demagogue can be, in political terms, infinite. We are frequently told that the good sense of the people will stop Fidel Castro dead in his tracks in no time at all. Well, the answer is it has not, and is not likely to. Instinctive good sense did not stop Perón—or Hitler. It did not prevail in Iran, over which the weeper Mossadegh would still preside but for the courage of a few patriotic generals, whose patience gave out. Castro may end his career by going berserk or, rather, more obviously berserk, but these are not contingencies on which to base a nation's foreign policy.

Stick to your Sputniks, Comrade

Robert Castle, a Syracuse, N.Y., automobile dealer who is known to his associates as the "man with the golden touch," has announced a deal with the Soviet government to import 10,000 Russian-made Moskvich cars to the United States in the next two years. Can he sell them? Yes, if the ten thousand local Communist Party members, supported by the hard core fellow travelers, are told to buy them as a condition of

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No Villains, No Hero

Frustration and bitterness drove the Frenchmen of Algeria to their barricades. They abandoned hope some time ago. Even their hatred, which can also move men to great deeds, had become blurred in focus. They had no objective, no goal. *Algérie Française*! ("Algeria is part of France") is too ambiguous to define a goal. *How* can Algeria be part of France? —that is the controlling question. And of course it cannot be, unless France can smash the Arab terrorist revolt. But this, in five years under both Fourth and Fifth Republics, France has proved unable to do.

The *colons* (settlers) therefore could not win *their* revolt. Frustration is not a passion that carries men through to victory, nor did they even know what they wanted to win. You cannot reach a destination if you don't know where you are going. The action of the settlers, if the Army had been less restrained, might have brought bloodshed and destruction to France as well as Algeria, but there was nothing positive that it could have won.

So the defeat of the *colons* was inevitable, just as it was inevitable that General de Gaulle should intervene against them and their policy that was no-policy. Within a single nation there cannot be two governments. If de Gaulle's regime is the government, then the *colons*, with or without the Army's sympathy, cannot be. One had to command, the other to obey. Since neither *colons* nor Army offered a political alternative, they had to give way.

Let us not, however, accept the version of this affair as the triumph of hero over villains: of an unspotted leader over a gang of extremists, "ultras" and fanatics. This drama was not so simple, or so shallow. Its inevitability is of Nemesis, tragic in spirit if *opera bouffe* in manner.

It was not a riffraff handful of ultras who took to the streets of Algiers. These were the authentic representatives of the million and a quarter Frenchmen who live on the soil of Algeria, whose roots have thrust deep into that soil for six generations, whose treasure, sweat and blood have formed the cities, farms, factories, roads and dams out of that bitter desert, which now feeds their bitterness. These are no garden-party colonials on a twenty-year foreign-service jaunt that ends with a fat pension and a villa in a metropolitan suburb. Algeria is their home, and the home of their ancestors.

De Gaulle could not yield to them, but he debased himself by his too glib dismissal of the *colons* as "guilty men." They know—who can know better?—that the offer of Algerian "self-determination," with the FLN terrorists undefeated, means the secession of Algeria under an FLN-controlled Arab government. (It is ridiculous to imagine that you can get better terms by negotiating with an enemy than by defeating him.) They know that under an Arab government the freedom, property, homes and perhaps the lives of the Christian community will be forfeit. Wherein, then, lies their guilt? That they sought—though by an act of futile despair—to defend their homes?

Yes, for their vain defiance they were guilty, as well as noble; just as de Gaulle was both, in rejecting and suppressing them. This crisis is transformed into tragedy for just the reason that every actor is guilty, that there can be no happy ending.

There might have been a solution if the FLN had been defeated, and France were master in the Algerian house. The FLN might have been defeated if France's enemies were not sustaining the revolt, if her friends had rallied firmly to her, if she were not riven within by treachery and sloth, if de Gaulle had proved able to wipe out that treachery and sloth. . .

Is the Fifth Republic only a refurbished facade behind which the decayed social foundations of the Fourth have been left unreconstructed? Dramatically transforming the style of the Fourth Republic, de Gaulle has failed to break drastically enough with its substance. He left the French Communist Party untouched, and the Party now revives under the stimulus of Camp David. He left the unions under the unchallenged control of Marxian ideas and leaders, and he has lately had to yield to a Marxist-sponsored push against Antoine Pinay's brilliant economic program. He claims an independent top rank for France—in her Soviet as in her NATO policy—before France has either the social or the military power to support top ranking.

Now, in the cold truthfulness of the Algerian crisis, there is an ironic and ominous regrouping of the political constellation. The very forces—Army, conservatives, Church, old-line Gaullists, and let us not forget the *colons*—that called de Gaulle to power because they saw that the Fourth Republic was ruining France, move into opposition. Simultaneously the forces of the Left that determined the pulpy essence of the Fourth Republic—Communists, Left Socialists, Mendèsistes, Radicals—become his main support in an informal Popular Front.

This suddenly executed shift to the Left in the political mechanism of the Gaullist regime is the key political consequence of the past fortnight's trauma. The gears are not yet fully meshed in the new ratio. With his newly voted dictatorial powers, de Gaulle may still have a chance to pull back, before France, with Khrushchev's aid, grinds down a disastrous slope.

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toeing the party line. Under the umbrella of the Fifth Amendment, Mr. Castle might even market a few in Hollywood. ("What kind of car do you own?" "I decline to answer on the ground . . .")

Aside from purchases among the faithful, however, it is difficult to see how a 45-horsepower imitation of the 1954 German Opel is going to send Detroit into a tizzy. The only virtue that a Moskvich—at $1,500 and up—would seem to have is a high road clearance, which might make it a good buy for the back country of New Hampshire, West Virginia or Wyoming. Since the Russians only produce some 140,000 cars annually—about what our industry has been turning out each week of the current year—the reason for exporting 5,000 a year would be fathomable if the car were called, not the Moskvich, but the Potemkin. But Moskvich it is—and we are still scratching our heads. Maybe the Russians really *prefer* their pie to be in the sky instead of on their plates.

Veritas and All That

The Committee for the Repeal of 1001 (f)—a collection of Harvard students chaired by Professor David Riesman—is lobbying for congressional action to strike the loyalty oath and disclaimer affidavit requirements from the National Defense Education Act, which establishes federal scholarship loans for able but needy college students.

The disclaimer provision elicited yelps of moral indignation all over the Ivy League last fall. It was—Harvard's Pusey and Yale's Griswold informed the press—a violation of both free thought and academic freedom for a government disposing of its money in loans to ask recipient students not to overthrow said government. So moved was the *Harvard Crimson* by congressional effrontery in tacking on *conditions* to its philanthropy that it published a pamphlet of denunciation. So moved was the University that it assumed for itself the conscience of its own needy students, and withdrew from the program. The Committee for the Repeal of 1001 (f) is the next logical step. It has set up quarters to answer questions about the provisions; distributed mimeographed exhortations to students to write their congressmen deploring the infamy; urged support of Senators Kennedy and Clark in their new attempt this session (okayed last week by the Senate Labor and Public Welfare Committee) to repeal the non-Communist affidavit requirement.

One of its brochures detailing the evils of 1001 (f) strives strenuously to distinguish between the oath of allegiance (which, after all, is "positive") and the disclaimer affidavit ("negative"). After establishing this point with rhetorical if not logical precision, the Harvard Committee persists in its demand for repeal of the entire 1001 (f) section—that is, of *both* oath *and* affidavit. It wants, apparently, to be neither positive *nor* negative.

A big reason why the disclaimer affidavit is obnoxious—besides academic freedom, of course—is that it discriminates against students, the Committee tells us. After all, farmers get government subsidies, and don't sign non-Communist affidavits. The whole thing reeks of anti-intellectualism. Of course, labor union officials had to sign the same sort of affidavit under the Taft-Hartley Act. And elected public officials and lawyers and soldiers and so on undergo the same ignominious ordeal. But that's different.

What with the comforting support of President Eisenhower, evidently persuaded by the Ivy eggheads in his entourage, the Committee and its allies have a chance of getting their repeal. But we suggest that the Harvard Committee should not thereupon disband. Its work would be far from finished. After all, Harvard has for several years received scholarship moneys from the federal government under the National Science Foundation Act—which requires both loyalty oath and disclaimer affidavit. Not only that, but Harvard itself administers the fulfillment of these two requirements for NSFA Cooperative Scholarships. And not only that, but Harvard continues to receive National Defense Education Act money for foreign language scholarships—and to arrange for recipient students to sign the oath and non-Communist affidavit. Will the Committee let Harvard get away with such betrayals of the principle of academic freedom? Or does it depend on which side your principle is buttered?

The Time Is Now

Although the steel mills are running, thoughtful men cannot escape thinking how it might have been had the Taft-Hartley injunction run out, and the steelworkers stayed out. Clearly the laws are inadequate, and now indeed, removed from the partisan heat of a particular controversy, is the time to crystallize public sentiment for the development of new laws designed to cope with the problem.

There are only two alternatives. The first is for the government of the United States to take over, by direct ownership or indirect control, basic American industries. That is the solution of the old-fashioned socialist, who, notwithstanding a half century's dismal experience with varied forms of socialism, clutches onto his little fetish with blind faith and a dazed mind. The second alternative is decentralization, designed to make it impossible, or almost impossible, for unions to immobilize the national econ-

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omy, just as our laws have already made it impossible for business enterprises to do.

The principal objective of a new law, then, should be to break up the power of any labor union to dominate an entire industry. We suggest that thought be given to making it unlawful for a single union to represent workers in a) more than 10 per cent of an industry, or b) more than a single firm, whichever is greater, and c) to provide that no labor contract involving a company doing more than 10 per cent of the business in a particular industry shall terminate within 60 days of any other such contract.

We shall develop these proposals in later issues, but mention them now to encourage concern over the great begged question of 1959's steel strike.

Scandal

How many more of them are there around? Within three weeks, we learned about Hulan Jack and his old friend, who decorated his apartment and then stood by winsomely while a board of which Jack was a member examined his qualifications to undertake for the City of New York a lucrative building project. The President of another New York borough, Mr. Albert V. Maniscalco of Staten Island, is interested in a private garage for his car, and what do you know, a Mr. Marvin Klein, a real estate developer doing business with the City of New York, is also interested in Mr. Maniscalco's car, and what's more, unlike other people who worry about cars and do nothing about it, he builds Mr. Maniscalco a garage. In Chicago, a little sneakthief decides to go straight, but does not reckon on the obstacles to going straight put up by Chicago policemen, twelve of whom edge him back into his specialty to provide their happy homes, free of charge, with the little perquisites of comfort like electric toasters, automobile tires, radios, that kind of thing.

As ever, there is the temptation to go in for ideological attitudinizing about these phenomena. When, a century ago, private railroad and oil tycoons were buying up legislators, the question arose, as it does today, Should we blame the legislators for their willingness to accept bribes, or the entrepreneurs for their disposition to offer them? A nice question, then as now: and on to the question whether in our time the cynicism all the way around is greater than it was a hundred years ago, and if so, why?

Conservatives will not deny, heaven knows, the disposition of many opportunistic businessmen to clip coupons from their book of ethics, if by doing so they become legal tender. Nor do we see that the end of the world coincides with Hulan Jack's magic touch with interior decorators. There are two points on which we should concentrate attention. The first has to do with the multiplier effect which the State and only the State can give to personal corruption. Let private citizen Jones bribe private citizen Smith, and the harm done is delimited by the spheres of economic influence the two men, between them, wield. Let private citizen Smith bribe public citizen Green, and the vast leverage of the State is exerted on the venality. We may not be able at a moral level to do very much very fast to check the ruthlessly predatory instincts of some of our citizenry, but at the mechanical level we can always hope to reduce their leverage, and that is what the anti-statist is talking about when he speaks of the unique capacity of the State to maximize the effects of wrongdoing. It is the State's unique monopoly on force that caused Henry Mencken to say disgustedly that the State is "the natural enemy of all decent, well disposed and industrious men."

Beyond that the problem remains, of course. Professor Richard Weaver asks how is it possible to expect men to curb their unruly instincts when it has become impossible to instruct them authoritatively on what is and what is not unruly? We are all become, he says, our own professors of ethics. Can we do that without graduating our Hulan Jacks, our Maniscalcos, our Chicago policemen? Or, at another, more exalted level, our Humphreys, Kennedys and Stevensons, men who regularly traffic in hypocrisies to further their own ambitions which, because they are loftier and supra legal, appear to skirt regally the commonplace laws by which we define dishonesty? Can the citizen who hears Hubert Humphrey in noble rhetoric provoke the basest appetites of the predatory farmer, entertain against Hulan Jack the kind of resentment which, properly focused, might exert a sustained pressure for moral regeneration?

Our Contributors: ALAN MCCONE JR. ("Why Not Try Businessmen?") is, as his article will show, an energetic young man whose avocation is conservatism. A recent graduate of the University of Wisconsin, Mr. McCone is now on active duty with the Navy . . . . ROBERT PARKER ("Cold War in Prince Edward County") is a working newspaperman who has spent several years in Virginia and keeps in close touch with developments in the Old Dominion . . . . SIR SHANE LESLIE ("Ronald Knox"), who makes his first appearance in NR this week, is a cousin of Winston Churchill, a friend and literary colleague of Hilaire Belloc and Ronald Knox and others. Author of a dozen or more books, he is perhaps best known in this country for *The Life of Henry Edward Manning, American Wonderland* and *George IV*. He is a regular contributor to the British conservative magazine, *Time and Tide*.

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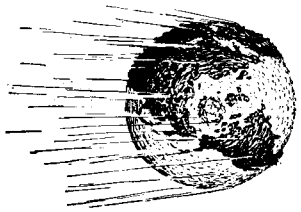

Arithmetic of the United Nations

JAMES BURNHAM

The Security Council of the United Nations has just voted to recommend to the General Assembly that Cameroun (or Kamerun—it hasn't quite decided how to spell its name) be admitted to UN membership. Morocco, Tunisia, Libya, Ghana and Guinea were promptly seated as soon as they acquired the minimum trappings of independence. In December France conceded independence to the Mali Republic (Sudan plus Senegal). Mauretania, Dahomey and Togoland are expected to follow this spring. Italian Somaliland will become independent in July, Nigeria in October. Self-government, with independence close behind, is already on the 1960 schedule for British Somaliland, the Belgian Congo, Tanganyika, Sierra Leone.

These nations, as they will regard themselves, will all become UN members, and there are plenty more where these came from. They will take their seats alongside Afghanistan, Cambodia, Ethiopia, Nepal and Yemen; and alongside, with equal voice and vote, the United Kingdom, the USSR, France and the United States.

Surely this is an absurdity any way you look at it. It is an absurdity, in the first place, because most of these newcomers—and several of their predecessors—are not really nations in any meaningful sense.

It is absurd that these new and fragile political formations—whether fossils, abortions or embryos—should dissipate their slender reserves of money and trained manpower by maintaining UN missions, and absurd that the UN buildings should be cluttered up with the mass of delegates, aides, staff and paper that this UN population-explosion entails.

It is absurd that the major nations, confronting major problems, should waste time discussing serious matters on a formally equal basis with these fictional sovereignties whose opinions thereon, judged in terms of knowledge, interest or power, are irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial.

In European capitals, these multiplying UN absurdities and the dangers that flow therefrom are being anxiously debated. Even the State Department has begun to have a few qualms.

At the UN's beginning, "the West" —that is, the United States and its principal allies—had a firm majority in the Security Council and an overwhelming majority in the Assembly. When some West-favored votes were getting blocked in the Council by the Soviet veto, the U.S.—very foolishly —built up the Assembly as the main UN body. In the earlier years the European bloc plus the American bloc plus the Commonwealth members and a few client states gave the West the two-thirds majority required for Assembly action on other than procedural matters.

UN Numbers Game

With the seating of new members and relentless Soviet pounding on the old, this two-thirds majority has faded. On many significant issues the West is now in a minority, with formal adoption of anti-Western resolutions momentarily held off by the two-thirds rule. The African applicants at the door, and the breakup of the Latin American bloc signified by the Cuban revolution, foreshadow the next stage, probably to be reached in this autumn's session, when the combined anti-Western vote will mount above the statutory two-thirds.

Now it is true that there is an awful lot of fakery in the big powers' talk about loyalty to the UN. Korea, Indochina, Hungary, Lebanon, Suez, Guatemala, Algeria, Kashmir, Quemoy have proved that Britain, France, the Soviet Union, the United States and even India pay little attention to the UN when a critical interest is at stake. This is comforting, but it would be a mistake to conclude that the UN is altogether negligible.

The motley crew of the UN Assembly has come to wield a kind of preventive veto over the Western powers, most frequently over the United States, which is more self-victimized than any other nation by diplomatic forms and ideological abstractions. We fail to support our allies (in Suez, say, or Algeria), temporize (in Sumatra), retreat (as in Morocco) and forego firm action (in relation, say, to Tibet, Laos, Iraq or Cuba) because we fear that the Yemen-Nepal-Ghana UN juggernaut might crush us under a UN ballot.

By all signs, the UN arithmetic is going to get still worse for our side. A few thoughtful persons in London, Paris and Washington are asking each other what can be done about it.

A Modest Proposal

The obvious solution would be to give the UN up as a bad job, and forget about it.

If we exclude this simple answer as unrealistic, a milder alternative is perhaps within the limits of practical possibility: to *depoliticalize* the UN; to transform the UN altogether into what it now in large part is—a complex of technical and administrative agencies operated for the presumed convenience or necessity of the several nations composing the world community.

Thus, UN agencies or auxiliaries would continue to handle international technical problems of air and sea transport, disease control, radio channel allocation, measurement standards, etc., and what fiscal and other economic matters the several nations might want to assign. The UN would also serve as a means of ready communication among any nations that so wished to use it: relaying messages, and offering technical facilities (buildings, translators, secretaries . . .) for negotiations and gatherings among any number of nations that might want to negotiate or gather.

But the UN as such would have no function of political substance. No UN body would vote on any other than a technical or procedural motion. There would be no "UN opinion"; no "UN decision" either to respect or to flout. The United Nations, no longer aspiring to be a sovereign master, would rest content—and perhaps even prosper—as a modest and useful servant.

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National Trends

Cold War in Prince Edward County

ROBERT PARKER

In May of 1958, Virginia's Prince Edward County became the first Southern community to close its public schools rather than submit to a federal court desegregation order. Almost certainly, it will not be the last. Curving across the Black Belt from Virginia to Texas are hundreds of similar communities, whose deep-rooted resistance to integration may cause the last stand of the rural South to drag on for a generation or more. But Prince Edward, the first battleground, could determine the course of a long war.

A co-defendant in the original desegregation suit, the county had prepared for the inevitable showdown. When legal delay and evasion were no longer possible, the burden of educating the county's 1,400 white children was shifted to the Prince Edward Educational Foundation, organized in 1955 to operate a private school system. Churches and lodge halls now serve as classrooms, staffed by former public school teachers under contract with the Foundation.

Cold war has been costly for the county's 1,700 Negro children, who have been without schools since last September. Only now are their surprisingly militant parents showing concern for their plight. Early this winter, white citizens chartered Southside Schools, Inc. to provide private schools for the displaced Negro children. Unlike the schools being maintained by the Foundation, the Negro schools would have been financed through $250-a-year state tuition grants made available to all parents by the General Assembly in 1958. But only one Negro parent inquired about the schools; the rest clung to principle and the promises of the NAACP that the schools would be reopened and integrated "soon." White men backing Southside Schools, Inc. hint darkly that Negro parents were intimidated by the NAACP, but no Negro crossed the divide of racial distrust to confirm the rumors.

On New Year's Day, before some 2,000 Negroes in Richmond, the visiting Rev. Martin Luther King of Montgomery, Alabama, intoned the 1960 battle-hymn: "We will wear down the resistance of the whites by our capacity to suffer and love." Not only the appeal of a Gandhian strategy of passive suffering caused Negroes to reject the white offer of private schools; there was also the suspicion that segregationists wished to test the validity of the legally uncertain tuition law with minimum risk to their own schools.

With Southside Schools, Inc. stillborn, segregationists struck boldly in mid-January. In a letter to the county school board, Foundation President B. Blanton Hanbury asked that the closed white high school at Farmville be declared "surplus property," subject to sale to the highest bidder. But the school board was not yet ready to liquidate the public school system, especially when a "third force" appeared dramatically in the field. From Longwood College at Farmville, a state-supported women's college, came a band of angry professors, who declared: "We are unalterably opposed to the sale of the school to any private group for any purpose. It would mean the final destruction of public schooling in the county until its citizens were willing to put up something like a million dollars for a new school."

A small but influential white minority agreed with the million-dollar argument. After a stormy public meeting, the school board sidestepped the issue by declaring that a referendum would be necessary to determine the school's fate. And two days after the school board meeting, Foundation President Hanbury announced that his organization "has no further interest" in the Farmville high school. Instead, the Foundation plans to construct a $150,000 classroom building by September 1960.

Meanwhile, love and suffering had proved insufficient for many Negro parents; they wanted schooling for their children as well. In response to mounting pressures, the NAACP last month announced plans to set up ten makeshift "training centers" for the Negro children, and to underwrite the expenses of some children who will be educated outside the county. The "training center" program would cost an estimated $16,500. Negro churches and the Elks' hall would be used for classrooms, with instruction continuing at least through June.

Thus, white men and black men appear to be digging in for a siege, using what resources are available in the small, tobacco-growing county. The Negro "centers" are, in effect, the counterpart of the Foundation's schools, but they are intended as a temporary expedient. Looming is the threat of unique federal intervention to meet unique defiance of a federal court decree, although the NAACP has not yet discovered a federal law compelling localities to maintain public schools.

Facing these white men is a hard decision: whether to establish genuinely private schools, without direct or indirect subsidy; or to recognize only a temporary emergency, which may be met by temporary measures. To the Negroes, the emergency is temporary; they see their "training centers" as way-stations on the path to the Promised Land. The Longwood professors are certain of one thing only: the public school system must be preserved. But the Foundation, it appears, has concluded that public schools are a closed chapter in Prince Edward County.

At present, the county's white school system costs $300,000 a year, contributed chiefly by citizens whose tax rate was dropped from $3.40 to $1.60 when the public schools were abandoned. Over the long haul, segregationists fear, some citizens may forget why their taxes are low. More dependable financing is necessary for the Foundation. Hence, the Foundation is preparing to commit itself to a program of school building that will translate its estimate of the future into brick and mortar. This decision will not go unremarked elsewhere. More and more, white men are likely to acknowledge that, although costly, genuinely private schools are the only safe, enduring solution to a problem that may linger for a lifetime.

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Lest We Forget

The Case of Paul H. Hughes —The Liberal Light that Failed

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

"The notorious Hughes case never ceases to deserve retelling," the New Republic *commented in a recent review of* Up From Liberalism, *"but what does [it] prove about Liberalism?" If the Hughes case deserves retelling, one wonders why the* New Republic *not only doesn't retell it, but has never yet given its readers a full account of the case they nonetheless call "notorious." It is not only the* New Republic, *but the entire world of Liberal journalism which perseveres in its silence about the little confidence man in Washington who made a dozen prominent Liberals jump through his hoop in the course of the anti-McCarthy hysteria in 1954.*

NATIONAL REVIEW *alone covered the case exhaustively when it came up in 1956. Our readership was then under ten thousand. Even so, we have received repeated requests to review the case. We proceed to do so—on the fourth anniversary of the Hughes trial. We tell it not only because the story is fascinating, but because we do believe, making bold to contradict the* New Republic, *that the case proves a considerable lot about contemporary Liberalism. As does the continued suppression of the case. We publish herewith an account of the case adapted from* Up From Liberalism, *by William F. Buckley Jr.*

Let us do away with confidential informants, dossiers, political spies . . . No one can guess where this process of informing will end.

Joseph L. Rauh Jr. in
The Progressive, May 1950

Certainly Joseph Rauh would never have guessed that his own use of confidential informants, dossiers, and political spies would one day result in a jury of his peers' refusing to take his word over that of a self-confessed liar and confidence man.

From time to time in the course of events a symbolic incident suddenly plants before our vision the concentrated meaning of a complex historical process. Though humbler in scale and more banal than the mighty exemplars that we find in history books, the trial of Paul Hughes was such an incident. Paul Hughes was a minor scoundrel. But he dealt with major figures on the American scene, and in the nature of his dealing with them, lies the key to major contemporary enigmas.

The witnesses who appeared in the trial of Paul Hughes are the responsible leaders of powerful institutions that are at the ideological core of contemporary Liberalism. They included Joseph L. Rauh Jr., Chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, and the most conspicuous and active civil rights lawyer on the American scene. Telford Taylor, prominent civil rights lawyer, sometime chairman of the National Committee for an Effective Congress—a forceful Liberal lobby of lustrous membership. Philip Graham, James Russell Wiggins, and Alfred Friendly, the three top officials of the *Washington Post and Times Herald,* a leading organ of American Liberalism. James Wechsler, co-founder of Americans for Democratic Action, editor of the *New York Post.* General Cornelius Mara, White House aide and intimate of President Truman. Clayton Fritchey, editor of the Democratic Party's official magazine, *Democratic Digest,* and deputy chairman of the Party's National Committee. Also involved in the Hughes case, though not as witnesses, were Robert Eichholtz, Washington attorney, Rome representative of the Marshall Plan under the Truman Administration, and generous financial contributor to the ADA; Paul Porter, former high official of the Roosevelt and Truman Administrations, former publicity director of the Democratic National Committee; Clark Clifford, special counsel and leading adviser to President Truman (1946-1950).

Here was in no sense a casual selection of unrelated individuals. The evidence shows that they and their institutions are actively interrelated—"interlocked," as one says of business corporations. These men know each other intimately, confide in each other, collaborate actively, give each other mutual support and assistance. It was they who were, historically and philosophically speaking, up for judgment at the trial of the 35-year-old half-literate confidence man, Paul Hughes.

From FBI to ADA

Consider the story.

In January 1954, Paul Hughes, recently discharged from the Air Force, was still without a regular job. Immediately after his discharge the previous summer, he had approached the staff director of Senator McCarthy's Subcommittee on Investigations—with a lurid tale of high treason at the critical American Air Force base at Dhahran, where he had recently been stationed. Mr. Francis Carr took notes, checked the story (as it was his duty to do), arrived at the conclusion in a matter of days that it was a fabrication, and refused further association with Hughes, whom he never saw again. Hughes tried the FBI. Again his story was checked; again he was shown the door. Paul Hughes crossed the street.

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He called on retired General Mara, friend of Harry Truman and big Democrats who, after a few sessions with Hughes, put him on, enthusiastically, to Clayton Fritchey, editor of the *Democratic Digest*. He was a secret member of the staff of Senator McCarthy's committee, Hughes lied to them, and was disgusted by what he saw going on about him. He was prepared, *pro bono publico,* to report secretly to them the secret doings of the Committee. They signed him up zestfully, dutifully accepted the aliases he imposed on them ("Yale" and "Ewing"), and paid him, over a period of a few months, $2,300 for "expenses." In January, evidently seeking to broaden his clientele, Hughes approached the worldly Joseph L. Rauh Jr. Before he was through with him, he had 8,500 of Rauh's dollars.

A Call to Glory

Hughes unfolded to Rauh a phantasmagoria of treacherous doings on the part of McCarthy and his associates—so grotesque and bizarre, so beyond the normal imagination, that they would surely have struck Rauh as incredible had they been imputed to a Communist, rather than to Senator McCarthy. But Rauh was instantly taken in, and asked Hughes for more and more and more, so hot was his lust for anti-McCarthyana.

Hughes obligingly brought in a 94-page document which is, in its way, a work of genius. One might easily suppose, on reading it, that it was the work of a master psychiatrist seeking, simultaneously, to assuage and to aggravate a patient of unbalanced political outlook. The salve was there—for here was confirmation in abundance of the worst one could imagine about McCarthy; and also the galvanizer—here was a call to glory, a call for extraordinary exertions to destroy the monster McCarthy.

There was something in this remarkable document that fed on, and then quickly nourished, every Liberal political neurosis of early 1954. Here was evidence of a secret and dark alliance between Eisenhower and McCarthy; of tantalizing rivalries between the staffs of the Jenner (Internal Security) and the McCarthy (Government Operations Investigations) committees; of imminent plans to enter into forbidden communication with Igor Gouzenko, the inaccessible defector who blew the Soviet spy ring in Ottawa and was still being kept under wraps, nine years later, by the Canadian Government; of marital problems developing between Senator and Mrs. McCarthy; of a clandestine White House conference at which a smear campaign against the Democratic Party was programmed; of McCarthy's personal views (revealed through a transcription of miscellaneous animadversions) on such disparate persons and things as Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Air Force bases, Drew Pearson, ethics, Leonard Hall; of McCarthy informers scattered about in the White House, in the Central Intelligence Agency, in the State Department; excruciating teasers about informants whose identity had not been disclosed; and the whole wrapped up in a chaotic package of notes, official memoranda, inter-office communications, secret transcripts, here virtually illiterate, here eloquent, always steaming with drama, and emitting a sex appeal irresistible to professional anti-McCarthyites.

Trial for Perjury

Thus the nine-months-long association had begun. Now, two years after the fateful encounter, Joseph L. Rauh Jr. sat in a federal courtroom in New York, at the trial, for perjury, of Paul H. Hughes. After leaving Rauh, *et al.,* it transpired, Hughes (in a maneuver too complex to go into here) had, while posing as a private investigator, informed a grand jury investigating the redefection of Harvey Matusow to Communism, that Joseph Rauh and his associates had been instrumental in persuading Matusow to disavow the sworn evidence he had given in previous years against his sometime associates in the Communist Party. (Rauh *et al.* denied any foreknowledge of Matusow's

From the Document that Sold Rauh

(On the strength of a 94-page document composed by Paul Hughes, Joseph L. Rauh entered into an arrangement with Hughes to report to him [Rauh] regularly on the activities of Senator McCarthy and the Government Operations Investigations Committee. Below are some excerpts from this document.)

. . . as McCarthy is presently violating some very serious military and civil laws, we should obtain photographs and written evidence and witnesses to that effect. The result of evidence of this nature is not only elimination but also prosecution by the Federal Government as well. You must make a decision relative to whether you want McCarthy removed permanently or not. If you do, it is relatively a simple legal matter. . . .

There are many important military and civil officials in the Washington area alone willing to go to any extremes to remove McCarthyism from the political scene. Any coordination desired in this matter is relatively simple to obtain. Surely no obstacle exists in coordinated observation of me during my unauthorized procurement of classified material and my subsequent handling and disposition of same. Under coordinated but secure surveillance, observation will disclose that I surreptitiously procured [according to instructions from McCarthy] various amounts of classified data; photographic evidence, controlled, will pinpoint McCarthy personnel receiving unauthorized classified material from me. Phone taps can be utilized, initially, to tie in all illegal incidents performed by me to specific McCarthy staff personnel. Phone taps can be further utilized for admissions by staff personnel of security violations and compromises of classified military projects. . . .

. . . being nice, too ethical, or squeamish, will accomplish less than nothing where McCarthy is concerned. . . .

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about-face.) The grand jury, in exploring Hughes' charge, had unearthed the story of his dealings with Rauh, and indicted him for perjury in the Matusow matter. A second charge against Hughes was that he had perjured himself in telling the grand jury that Rauh had associated with him knowing all along the fraudulence of his representations.

Rauh sat down on the witness chair with the unenviable task of persuading the jury that, though a sophisticated and experienced man of the world, he had worked hand in glove with Hughes without ever suspecting him of being a phony. Hughes' court-appointed defense attorney took on the obligation of attempting to persuade the jury that this was unthinkable; so the legal battle went forward between two competing points of view, 1) that Rauh was a knave (argued by Hughes and his lawyer), and 2) that he was a fool (argued by Rauh and the government).

Rauh told the jury that he had been interested only in developing a legal case against McCarthy, not in having a prurient view of McCarthy's personal affairs. In that case, why did he not instruct Hughes to limit his reports to evidence of legal wrongdoing? Rauh began to hedge.

> Q. Wasn't it your testimony, Mr. Rauh, [Hughes' lawyer asked] that the sole thing you were interested in with reference to Senator McCarthy was evidence of the illegal acts; and any other type of information, no matter how derogatory about Senator McCarthy, you were not interested in at all?
>
> Rauh. . . . I said what I was interested in was illegal and unlawful acts. I don't remember whether I ever specifically said [to Hughes], "No matter how derogatory it is, please don't furnish it." That might go a little bit farther than (interrupted).

Alfred Friendly of the *Post* (alias "Dinwiddie") had an equally difficult time explaining why he had jotted down—in longhand—page after page of idle anti-McCarthyana after talking with Hughes,[1] which had nothing to do with allegedly illegal activities. Clayton Fritchey more or less gave up the attempt to persuade the court

Joseph L. Rauh Jr.

that his interest in McCarthy's affairs was limited. Why was he so interested, he was asked, in the fact that, according to Hughes, McCarthy had a sympathizer on the *Louisville Courier-Journal,* in violation of no known or conceivable law? "What did *that* have to do with illegal activities?" the judge asked. "It happened—a friend of mine happened to be publisher of the *Courier-Journal* . . .," was the answer.

Case of the Cooking Editor

The Court wanted to know why, if Hughes' employers were exclusively interested in McCarthy's alleged illegalities, they had not turned the whole matter over to the Justice Department, rather than keep it within the bosom of the National Committee for an Effective Congress, the ADA, the *Washington Post,* and other factional instruments of a political movement. Several witnesses had a go at answering the question. "Did you explain to Mr. Hughes why you called in Mr. Fritchey and, let's say, not Mr. Brownell?", General Mara was asked. "I don't quite—well," said the General, "the only reason I called in Mr. Fritchey was, I felt he had newspaper background, that he could analyze this thing. . . ."

> Attorney for the Defense. [Rauh had just admitted that Hughes informed him that McCarthy's spy on the *New York Post* was the *Post's* cooking editor.] Did you call Mr. Wechsler, editor of the *Post,* and tell him?
>
> Rauh. Yes, sir.
>
> Q. You didn't feel that the cooking editor was going to slant any recipes in McCarthy's favor, did you?
>
> A. That wasn't the purpose. That wouldn't have been the purpose to have somebody there.
>
> Q. What *was* the purpose of McCarthy having a spy as the cooking editor?
>
> A. Because a cooking editor like anybody else has access to all the records, files and clips and other matters on the paper and to all the discussion. It doesn't matter who the person is. I didn't feel he should have *anybody* on the paper.[2]
>
> The Court (interrupting). You don't believe in having spies?
>
> Rauh. No, Sir.
>
> Q. Unless they are your own?
>
> A. Unless you are trying to uncover illegal activity which I was trying to do.
>
> Q. You didn't think McCarthy was trying to uncover illegal activity?
>
> A. No, I didn't.
>
> Q. You thought you were the only one trying to do that?
>
> A. I thought the *Washington Post* and I were the only ones trying to do that.

—leaving the fate of the country in a very few hands, the jurors must have thought.

—Had Rauh done anything he was ashamed of? He regretted, of course, having been taken in; nothing else.—What about the ethical problem of dealing with such a man as Hughes? Well, neither he nor Fritchey nor anyone else had known he was a confidence man.—But surely they knew from what Hughes himself said, that he was a shady character?—Had not both Rauh and Fritchey received from Hughes a hair-raising program of suggested action against Senator McCarthy in the teeth of which they formed their association?

> Q. [Attorney for the Defense]. Do you recall whether Hughes at any time expressed any opinions which caused you seriously to doubt his ethics or morality?
>
> Fritchey. No, not one single thing, no.

The Great Partnership

Excerpts from a memorandum to Clayton Fritchey by Hughes, dated December 1953, and subsequently incorporated in the report prepared for Joe Rauh:

> Phone taps can be utilized [against McCarthy] . . . Don't discount the tremendous value in just bargaining power of recorded phone discussions. . . . A program of this type, although not nice, can result in harm to no one except [McCarthy] . . . As mentioned earlier, being nice, too ethical or squeamish, will accomplish less than nothing, where McCarthy is concerned. McCarthy has stated many times, "Ethics went out the window with buttoned shoes." So therefore I

1. Court Exhibits 52A through 52D.

2. Mr. Rauh has other views when it comes to the question whether loyalty risks should be allowed to hold down government jobs in nonsensitive positions.

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> don't see the necessity for us [sic] to send a boy to do a man's work. If both federal and civil law enforcement agencies use the same unethical procedures to bring to justice criminals, are we not justified in using similar methods to expose [McCarthy] . . . ? It is most easy to prove and document [McCarthy's guilt] . . . by relaxing somewhat on ethics. This perhaps is probably what I'm best suited for. . . .

Joe Rauh and Clayton Fritchey evidently agreed; and the great partnership was founded.

The Dose Increases

In the course of the months to come, things got better and better. Getting reports from Paul Hughes was, for Joe Rauh—and for his friends Fritchey and Friendly—like taking dope. The dose had to be increased every time; and, always obliging, Paul Hughes always increased it. By the time the summer was well along, and their addiction complete, Hughes was driven to rather desperate measures to keep up the flow of information on the rascality of McCarthy. He had already tried, successfully, a melodramatic tale about how he had had to move his wife and child to another state for fear that McCarthy, when he discovered he had been double-crossed, would send around some of his thugs to wipe out Hughes' family. And then, a few weeks later, he had tried to get money from Al Friendly, of the *Washington Post* (who was acting as substitute paymaster while Rauh was in Europe)—to turn over, said Hughes, to an investigator on McCarthy's staff to be used by that investigator to buy off a girl he had gotten into trouble. But what did all this have to do with the *Washington Post,* he was asked. Obvious, said Hughes: by getting the investigator out of a jam, he could further ingratiate himself and get still *more* intimate secrets about the doings of McCarthy and the committee!

By midsummer, dizzied perhaps by an equatorial sun, Paul Hughes took a step which, notwithstanding a six-month run of steady successes, he must have deemed a little chancy. It must have been with a quiver of trepidation that he told his thirsting little group that Senator McCarthy and his staff had amassed an arsenal of pistols, lugers, and submachine guns in the basement of the Senate Office Building. Why? Well, *presumably* to protect themselves when they went out after evidence. But perhaps, Hughes must have hinted enticingly, for other reasons . . . (He knew from experience that his job was confined to the mere planting of seeds which a legion of neuroses could be counted on to water.)

Things became almost unbearably tense. A little later, Hughes told

Paul H. Hughes

Friendly (Rauh was still out of town) that McCarthy was on the verge of sending someone to New York to pay cash for secret information snitched from the State Department by an employee. Here at last was an illegal act! Friendly got hold of his boss, Philip Graham, publisher of the *Washington Post,* and the two went hand-in-hand to the office of the Attorney General, Herbert Brownell, to tell him breathlessly that they had got hold of something hot. They couldn't tell him, they said, just what it was, but any day now it would happen; and he must hold himself ready, day and night, to put an FBI man at their disposal so that they could catch the lawbreaker *in flagrante.* They insisted on, and got, Brownell's unlisted home telephone number, so that they could reach him at whatever hour Hughes might call in.

Having secured Brownell's promise of help, the publisher and the editor of the *Washington Post* went back to the barricades to wait, anxiously, final word from Hughes that the great illegal act for which they had all been praying and paying was about to take place.

Nothing happened.

After he had squeezed all the juice out of that one, advancing one reason after another why the rendezvous, week after week, did not come off (concluding reason: Brownell must have told J. Edgar Hoover, Hoover must have guessed it involved McCarthy, Hoover must have tipped off McCarthy; whereupon McCarthy called off the operation), inventive little Paul Hughes simply went on to something else.

It went on, and on, and on. In October, the *Washington Post,* bracing itself for the climax, prepared twelve articles on Senator McCarthy, based on the information Paul Hughes had given it. And then, almost as an afterthought, a reporter, Murray Marder, was assigned to verify some of the information on the basis of which the *Post* was about to break into print. Marder went off to see three or four employees of the Bell Telecommunications Laboratories (which manufacture secret equipment for the Signal Corps), whose "affidavits" testifying to the way in which McCarthy had browbeat them Hughes had furnished: and lo and behold, the workers didn't even exist! The affidavits the *Washington Post* was about to splash over the front pages were fictitious! It was in a state of near panic, one must suppose, that the researcher tore off to Cornell University, next stop on the verification tour, to interview a professor who, Paul Hughes had reported, had been blackmailed by McCarthy. If the professor refused to point an accusing finger at a few Communists on the Cornell faculty (never mind if they *were* Communist), McCarthy had allegedly threatened him, the Committee would publicly reveal that, in his misspent youth, the professor had had an illegitimate son. Unlike the workers at the Bell Telecommunications Laboratories, the professor *did* exist; but he was very much startled by the story of his victimization. The poor old man had *never* been in touch with McCarthy or any members of McCarthy's committee, at any time; and on top of that, far from having misspent his youth, he had, the professor insisted stoutly, led a life of conspicuous rectitude.

The disappointment of the *Washington Post* must have been terrible. The series was killed. The bill was toted up: Hughes had collected over eight thousand dollars from Joseph Rauh, and over twenty-five hundred dollars from Clayton Fritchey; to say

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nothing of the consumption of hundreds and hundred of valuable hours of some of the highest paid lawyers and publicists in Washington. Indignation flared.

But never out of control. The *Post* did *not* vent its indignation by publishing an exclusive story on the strange life and activities of an anti-McCarthy careerist. Joseph L. Rauh Jr., his perfervid concern over lawbreaking notwithstanding, did *not* report to the Justice Department the illegalities of a man who went about town getting money under false pretenses from credulous Liberals, flashing forged credentials as an alleged member of a Senate Committee. Clayton Fritchey did *not* complain to the police that Hughes had subsequently tried to blackmail him. General Cornelius Mara did *not* complain that Hughes had given him a bum check. No, these forgiving men were prepared to just let Hughes recede from memory.

But the irrepressible Mr. Hughes would not cooperate. He looked around for fresh bait—and decided to con the FBI, much as Raffles decided, finally, to have a go at the Crown jewels. From that point on, his career moved to a rapid end. On the basis of what he told the FBI, he was subpoenaed by a grand jury, and in due course the government decided to prosecute him for lying before that jury. The government was confident it would win a conviction. It saw no reason to doubt that a person who *admitted* to being a *professional* liar could be proved to have lied, in these specific instances, to a grand jury. But the government prosecutors overlooked one thing: in order to prove that Hughes was a liar, it had to prove that Rauh, Friendly, and Fritchey were *not* liars. That proved an insurmountable obstacle. With the result that, today, Hughes is a free man.[3]

When Is Venality Venal?

I do not pretend that the recounting of the essential facts of the Hughes episode does not afford wry amusement. For Rauh and company had for years moralized about the venality of the secret informer—even when used under sanction of custom, law, and relevant administrative rulings, subject, in the end, to all judicial safeguards. Now it developed that even while they were loudly condemning the use of "political spies" and "secret informers," they were themselves making deliberate, extended, and blanket use of a man whom they believed to be a political spy and secret informer—one who, moreover, had told them explicitly and in writing that he was not merely being personally disloyal to his employer, but was prepared to use illegal methods to get his alleged information.

But I do not recount the Hughes story merely to chronicle a great hypocrisy. There is much to be learned from the Hughes case and its aftermath—particularly if one bears in mind that Joseph L. Rauh Jr. (I name him as a matter of convenience; one must not forget the company of persons involved in the Hughes operation) is a rewarding object of attention by anyone seeking to understand the operations of the Liberal mind. Let us always remember that not *one* Liberal publicist—not one, I should say, that I know of—expressed disapproval of Rauh by condemning his affiliation with Paul Hughes. Not the editorial writers of the *New York Times*, the *New York Post*, or the *New York Herald Tribune* (the *Washington Post* and *New York Post* were of course compelled to publish brief, self-serving editorials and, dutifully, did so); not the Alsops, or Marquis Childs, or Roscoe Drummond, or Doris Fleeson, or Drew Pearson, or Thomas Stokes, or Richard Rovere.[4] This must mean either that they saw nothing in that behavior to criticize, or that fraternal loyalty to a fellow ideologue prevailed over the sense of duty. The former hypothesis is especially interesting. It would seem clear that Rauh's enthusiastic use, in pursuit of anti-Communists, of methods whose use in pursuit of pro-Communists he persistently denounces, is a measure of his evaluation of the relative threat (and relative objectionability?) of the two forces. And indeed, spokesmen for Liberalism have often insisted that anti-Communism is more dangerous to America than Communism. But the reason usually advanced for making such a claim is that anti-Communists tend to use despicable, totalitarian methods. Like secret informers. If the same spokesmen are prepared to sanction the use of such methods to persecute politically offensive persons, what grounds have they left on which to oppose the anti-Communists whose *methods*, they say (as distinguished from their aims) render them objectionable?

A week after Paul Hughes was freed I pondered the question, more relevant than ever: What can one do to kindle in the Liberal bosom a spirit of antagonism toward the Communists equal in intensity to that which moved the Liberals to fight against Senator McCarthy? The horror of the philosophical postulates of Communism has not sufficed, nor the horror of Communism's historical record. What then? I wrote: "A few years ago a witty observer indulged in a little wishful thinking: 'If only,' he said, 'Mao Tse-tung, back in 1946 or 1947, had criticized Margaret Truman's singing! China might have been saved!' We cannot, it seems, count on the evil in Communism to instill in us the will to fight back. Something else will have to furnish the impulse. Perhaps some day, in his cups, Nikita Khrushchev, moved to repay a long outstanding diplomatic courtesy, will sputter out, 'You know, I like old Joe—McCarthy, that is.' Then will the Liberals mount their chargers, and join the fray, prepared to shed their blood to devastate the newly discovered enemy."

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3. The indictment of Paul Hughes was on six counts of alleged perjury committed in testimony before a Federal Grand Jury in 1955. The first four counts cited statements made by Hughes to the effect that Joseph L. Rauh Jr., et al., had discussed Harvey Matusow during 1954. The last two counts concerned Hughes' statement to the Grand Jury that Rauh was aware that Hughes' representation of himself as a McCarthy secret investigator was false, and that Hughes' reports on McCarthy's doings were doctored. On February 3, 1956, the jury acquitted Hughes on the first two counts of the indictment and was "hung" (unable to reach a unanimous verdict) on the remaining four counts. A juror subsequently reported that the division on count 3 was 6-6, and 11-1 in favor of acquittal on the other three. In November of 1958, the government recommended that Hughes not be retried and gave its reason: "During the trial the credibility of the major government witnesses was severely attacked by its defense . . . There is no reason to believe that a second jury would be any less receptive to the contentions made by the defense." An official opinion on the credibility, before a jury of their peers, of Joseph L. Rauh Jr., Alfred Friendly, and Clayton Fritchey.

4. When **National Review**, shortly after the conclusion of the trial, chided Liberal publicists for not commenting on the case, Rovere wrote me: "I agree with you that the Hughes case is full of import. . . I know that I shall deal with the Hughes case in [my forthcoming book]." The forthcoming book turned out to be **Senator Joe McCarthy** (Harcourt Brace, 1959). It contains not a single mention of Paul Hughes.

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Letter from Africa

E. V. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The South African Imbroglio

South Africa is a beautiful, rich, but tragic country, dramatically divided between two European nations (the British and the Dutch Afrikanders), and between the whites and several racial strains—principally the Bantu Negro, the "Colored" (a white, Negro, Indian, and Malay mixture) and the East Indian. The whites number only 22 per cent of the total population and that percentage—owing to a heavily restricted immigration and a colossal native birthrate—is diminishing steadily. On top of it all, the whites are not of one mind or heart. In order to understand the antagonism between Afrikanders and Britishers one has to visualize a somewhat analogous American situation: imagine the South, defeated in 1865, humiliated by carpetbaggers, treated as a colony, but given equality with the North eight years later; suppose, finally, that through the democratic process, sheer numbers, and a certain amount of gerrymandering, that South attained absolute leadership in the union. This, in turn, would provide the opportunity to disenfranchise the peoples of mixed blood and to return the South's own party to power, election after election, thus getting even at long last with the hated North. Imagine, furthermore, the supremacy *not* of the Southern gentleman but of the poor Bible-Belter—and this with a colored population amounting to 78 per cent and increasing steadily.

A Vicious Circle

The racial question in South Africa is complex. The Dutch conquered the country from the Portuguese, the Bushmen, and the Hottentots: the Bantus—who form the largest segment of the Negro population—are actually latecomers. There can be no doubt whatsoever that if the vote and equal citizenship rights were given to the Bantus, South Africa would swiftly collapse. Even the British element accepts this fact of political life. The ordinary Bantu is years behind the European, though the reasons for this are environmental and not racial. What must be questioned is the wisdom as well as the morality of the present apartheid policy—a policy which is not merely segregationist, but discriminatory and truly oppressive, in spite of substantial welfare measures. Apartheid creates a vicious circle of events and evolutions which must be broken if one wants to avoid an eventual catastrophe.

To make matters worse, we have to admit that the cataclysm in wait for South Africa is still far off. Afrikanders boasted to me that troubles will occur in the Rhodesias, in Tanganyika and in the Congo long before they will ever reach South Africa. In the near future there is not the slightest chance of a massive Negro rising inside the Union. This is evident to anybody who spends but a few days in Johannesburg— a fragment of New York transplanted to the Dark Continent, a city of immense wealth with skyscrapers and department stores, double-decker buses and palatial bank buildings. In a sense it imparts a feeling of permanence, strength and power. Nearby Pretoria, South Africa's capital, boasts of impressive monuments and massive administration buildings. At the sight of all this one easily believes that this magically transferred European-American civilization is here to stay and that the ragged, unshaven, dirty, colored population, timidly roaming the streets in the most humble pursuits, could never become a menace. Any of those muscular Afrikander policemen could take on four *nie blankes* (non-whites). Yet, the nights of Johannesburg tell another story; after about 11 p.m. the streets are as completely deserted as those of a plague-ridden city; only here and there a car rushes along furtively—and this in spite of the strict curfew for all "non-Europeans."

There can be no doubt, also, that the unparalleled prosperity of South Africa is almost entirely due to the cheap manpower of natives who are barred from all higher positions and better jobs and draw only a fraction of the pay Europeans get in the same jobs. The result is a sub-proletariat in the strictest Marxian sense, a completely hopeless but broad layer which totally outnumbers its masters. To make matters worse, apartheid means not only discrimination but also never-ending insults together with constant reminders of the native's inferior position. Drunken, uncontrolled, lazy, ignorant, despised, the native's near-slave status is rubbed into him constantly. Twice I saw natives being beaten and numerous times I saw them treated harshly.

Apartheid Is Unrealistic

Apartheid means thousands of laws, bylaws, regulations, written reminders, all of them offensive, many of them irrational, and some quite costly to the white man. The plan of the Nationalist Government to create separate white and Negro areas ("Bantustan") will probably never be realized and would certainly ruin the South African economy. It would mean, for instance, the end of colored servants and of numberless minor jobs held by the Bantus, as well as the end of most industries which are based on some sort of white-black cooperation: in short, a state of affairs nobody I met in South Africa could envisage in concrete terms. And yet the Government seriously contemplates it.

I talked with people from many walks of life. The English element, while averse to integration, nevertheless disapproves of the present policy and looks for a viable pattern toward the Rhodesias, where a gradual assimilation and the slow social rise of a minority of Negroes is taking place. This same English element deplores the lack of immigration—blamed on the Nationalist Government because of its fear that the immigrants might attach themselves to the British rather than to the Afrikander element. Intelligent Afrikanders I talked to admitted the unrealistic nature of the apartheid policy. "Our government," an Afrikander army officer told me, "is simply waiting for some miracle. Yet we all know in our bones that fifty years hence everything will be different."

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Special Report

Why Not Try Businessmen?

MEMO: *To Conservative Student Organizations*
RE: *How to Organize Conservative Activities on Campus*
FROM: *Alan McCone Jr. (Former President, Conservative Club of the University of Wisconsin)*

In a single semester, a group of students at the University of Wisconsin transformed a small and ineffectual campus Conservative Club into an organization of more than seventy members. That organization marshaled the manpower and skills to sell over two hundred conservative books; to sponsor a seven-week symposium of eleven distinguished conservative speakers; to publish four issues of a magazine; and to raise $7,500—enough to pay for all the activities.

Club members had three problems: 1) to shrug off student political apathy: 2) to promote an attractive program: and 3) to pay for it. Our success may be attributed primarily to the willingness of Wisconsin businessmen to take an interest in conservatism on the campus.

Last December we decided to raise $1,300 in advertising revenue to pay for four issues of a conservative magazine edited for students. We went to Madison businessmen with our proposition. The Milwaukee Employers Association and the Wisconsin Manufacturers Association gave us the names of sixty prospective donors. The first thirteen businessmen we approached pledged $1,000, and in twelve days of personal approaches and four mail appeals we had raised $7,500.

With that backing we decided we could do more than publish a magazine—and our program was born. It was an ambitious program—perhaps a little too ambitious. Some of our members worked forty hours a week on it. But it taught us that students will support a respectable organization, that enlightened community interests will subsidize it, that hard work and dedication will bring it about. It taught us, also, that a political club on campus can be transformed into an effective instrument of action by involving all its members in its efforts— by asking them to do all publicity and promotion work, ushering, etc. And by convincing the community that what you have to say is worth listening to.

Speakers: With pledges of $7,500, we decided to bring responsible conservative speakers to the University of Wisconsin—and pay them their regular fees. We sent out eleven invitations, and were astonished to discover that all eleven were accepted. We brought to the Wisconsin campus Anthony Bouscaren, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., William Henry Chamberlin, Father Edward Keller, Willmoore Kendall, Russell Kirk, E. Merrill Root, Eliseo Vivas, Ludwig von Mises, Richard M. Weaver and David McCord Wright.

All of the speakers lectured between Easter and the end of the school session in June 1959. Before each lecture, we printed and distributed five hundred advertising posters all over campus. Personal invitations to the lectures were mailed out to over four hundred students and three hundred faculty members, to the heads of organizations and prominent campus political figures. We asked social science professors to announce the lectures in class.

We organized a dinner at a local steakhouse preceding each lecture, and invited state businessmen and Madison citizens to join us (Dutch) and meet the speaker. And when we brought the speaker to the podium, he had an audience—of between 75 and 125 people, which is good as university audiences go. Price-tag: $2,400 for the speakers, $1,200 for publicity.

Magazine: Our magazine, *Insight and Outlook*, had sixteen pages. It cost us $300 an issue for the first 1,000 copies. We distributed approximately 1,400 copies of each issue *free* on campus, and mailed out another 500 copies to members of the business community. The Intercollegiate Society of Individualists (ISI) ordered 9,000 copies of the first issue to send to contributors on its list and students all over the country. Requests for additional copies came from many states.

Ideological Warfare: Besides the magazine and the speaker symposium, we sponsored the sale of conservative books, and marketed two hundred of them during our 18-week *blitzkreig*. We distributed over 1,000 conservative pamphlets, and another 1,000 pieces of our own promotional literature and brochures.

This whirlwind of activity earned us the attention of our fellow students and the interest of the community at large. Our conservative viewpoint was given a voice in Chicago, Madison, and Milwaukee newspapers.

The *blitzkreig*, although it took its toll in time and energy, worked. It had a galvanizing effect on our own organization, and it awakened the student body to the conservative perspective. In a program which week after week turned up another activity —another learned speaker, another lively pamphlet, or another provocative issue of the magazine—we created an image of vitality, seriousness and intelligence, and were respected for it.

Next year the Club will spread out its activities more evenly, with fewer speakers over a longer period of time. But our experience taught us, most importantly, that not only will students listen to responsible voices and read respectable literature if they are properly alerted, but that the local business community will underwrite such activity.

Wisconsin businessmen were encouraged to meet the young conservatives, and respected plans worked out in detail. When they saw that we were serious, that we took into account the various minutiae which can so often trip up ambitious educational programs, they were only too willing to support and to encourage us.

We look forward this year to a greater success. We have an office, a well-functioning lending library, a number of financial contacts, and the prospects for continued magazine publication. And we have the attention of the students at the University of Wisconsin. With mobilization, hard work and a responsible program, these things can be done, and done successfully, at any college or university.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Educating Republicans

The Republican "Task Force" which drew up the recent report on Human Rights and Needs (part of the Republicans' "Decisions for a Better America") was headed by Mrs. Adkins, Under Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. In part, this report has to do with education. Although the Task Force's recommendations for federal action in the realm of public instruction certainly could have been much worse, nevertheless this report suggests how much thinking the Republicans still have to undertake before they can become a party intelligently conservative.

For the Task Force's recommendations are concerned almost wholly with increasing the amount of public funds spent upon education, rather than with any examination of what mistakes we have committed in the theory and practice of public instruction. And even the financial calculations are based upon dubious statistics—for instance, upon the assertion that by 1976 there will be twelve million young people in college, as against the present three million. This stab at prediction is a typical allegation of the educationists' propaganda-mill, one of those prophecies intended to work their own fulfillment.

Against such hurried notions, we ought to set some perfectly sound observations in the Human Rights and Needs report—this, for instance: "It follows that the freedom and strength of our educational system would be undermined by any step that could lead to Federal control of education. . . . Federal action should be limited to short-term programs designed to meet specific objectives and should be terminated when it has served its purpose."

But the Task Force goes on to commend new federal expenditures for education: money to induce community colleges to teach mathematics, science and language, through matching grants; some federal grants for building elementary and secondary classrooms; some help to colleges and universities for dormitories and classrooms.

Except for a passing reference on page 6 of the Report to "the hallmark of devotion to excellence," one gathers that the Task Force people believe our educational problem to be only a dollar problem. "It has been estimated," they write, "that public and private expenditures for education should rise from $20 billion in 1959 to at least $50 billion by 1976." Estimated by whom? Educational opportunity, they continue, "is also our most precious resource. To achieve this will require the expenditure of a greater proportion of our national wealth as well as more concerted effort and thought by all our citizens."

What Money Doesn't Buy

Aye, we could do with more thought —particularly by members of the Republican Committee on Program and Progress, of which this Task Force is a part. For the American nation already spends more, absolutely and relatively, per capita, upon public instruction than any people anywhere have spent in all history. Our expenditures have been soaring all this century; our intellectual achievements have been declining. It is not more money that can restore the works of the mind; indeed, still more money probably would do greater mischief, disguising intellectual and moral failure behind glossy new classroom facades.

Nor is the failure of American public education in any considerable degree the consequence of regional or state neglect, as the Task Force members imply on page 4 of their report: "Some of our less prosperous states, despite the fact that they may be spending a higher than average proportion of their income on education, are not meeting commonly accepted minimum standards." I suspect that these "commonly accepted minimum standards" are merely the educationists' criteria of home-economics rooms, new gymnasiums, driver-education programs, and all that. In plain fact, the intellectual standards of the public schools in the richest states of this Union are not perceptibly better than those in the poorest states. We need a change of spirit and theory, not mere increase of taxation.

We have no right to expect, of course, that such a body as this Task Force, in the pamphlet which it produced, should outline a program for the recovery of the American intellect. But we do have some right to expect more than mere pallid suggestions about comparatively modest new ways of pouring money down the public-school drain. The recommendations of the Task Force, considered as party propaganda, are too limited to attract any support from the National Education Association power-bloc; while they are too shallow to awaken interest among the millions of Americans already in some degree uneasy about what our public schools are doing or failing to do.

For perhaps the first time in our history, a considerable and influential part of the American public is seriously interested in the problems of schooling. A political party which could offer an educational program of some imagination might win the allegiance of many of these people. So far, neither Republicans nor Democrats, with a very few isolated exceptions, have endeavored to get to the heart of the matter—at local, state, or federal levels. Public education not being a primary field of federal activity, both parties ought to commence such a work in cities, counties and states—although there certainly is a splendid opportunity for a sweeping reform of the federal Office of Education, long a preserve of dullest Deweyism. One of the many troubles with the Republican Party is that it rarely takes up a burning issue until the Democrats have seized upon it—and then only to mutter, "Yes, but not quite so fast." Perhaps some future Republican Committee on Program and Progress may take up the question of educating party leaders, before grandiosely committing their party to any amorphous new scheme of "educational" spending.

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As the South Sees It

RICHARD WHALEN

Immediately following the Supreme Court's decision in the school segregation cases in May of 1954, the jubilant evangels of integration were supremely confident. The South, they asserted, would submit quietly to the New Sociology. A month after the decision, Thurgood Marshall, chief counsel of the NAACP, set September of 1955 as the target date for abolishing segregation in all public schools throughout the United States.

That timetable seemed accurate enough in the early days. Washington, D.C. set out to become the "nation's showplace" of integrated education. The border states, with varying degrees of enthusiasm, fell into line. To be sure, there was some foot-dragging in such places as Clinton, Tenn. and Sturgis, Ky., but the NAACP and the Northern press laid the blame on rabble-rousing John Kasper & Co. The South would obey, the "law of the land" would prevail, chorused the integration-minded. But it soon became obvious that the South would *not* obey. How grossly outsiders misjudged the Southern temper may be seen by the fact that, after years of turmoil and mounting bitterness, all but 175,000 of some three million Negro children in the South will observe the sixth anniversary of the Court's decision in segregated schools. Nearly three-fourths of the biracial school districts ruled unconstitutional in 1954 remain unchanged today.

Observers from afar, in the vocal North especially, are dismayed by the white South's granitic resistance to desegregation. But their outcries betray ignorance. Almost six years after *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, those outside the South are coming to discover fiercely held convictions on the other side of a momentous question long presented as one-sided. And before they cram Change down unwilling throats, would-be revolutionists should pause to determine why their hopeful dreams of swift victory are broken.

The Case for the South (Devin-Adair, $5.00) provides a lucid answer. As spokesman for an embattled one-fourth of the nation, William D. Workman, a Columbia, S.C. newspaperman, has prepared a lively brief. If his case is not air-tight, it is certainly challenging. Especially necessary is his debunking of the widely held notion that "merely a handful of recalcitrant, ignorant and misguided individuals stand in the way of wholesale racial intermingling in the South." On the contrary, writes Workman, "for every hate-mongering crackpot or bully-boy who hits the headlines with an act of brutality or of utter stupidity, there are literally thousands of solid, substantial citizens whose opposition to enforced integration is as constant and steadfast as it is peaceable."

One of the doleful results of new sectional antagonism is the belief of many Northerners (tutored by Tennessee Williams and William Faulkner) that Southerners are "lawless." Like many in Dixie, Mr. Workman takes the Tenth Amendment seriously. His contention is that "the clash is not between the people and the law, but between two opposing sets of laws: those of the central government and those of the local government." In the Southern view, segregated schools, in the absence of a specific prohibition, are constitutional. Moreover, they are made essential by the social geography of the South.

Whatever they may think of the Southern conception of the Constitution, Northerners and Westerners must acknowledge that the South *is* different. It is too little understood that, in many areas of the South, acceptance of integration would mean the mingling of a handful of white children and a multitude of Negro children. Further, the Negro children of the South Carolina Low Country and the Mississippi delta (through no fault of their own) differ markedly from the clean, well-mannered Negro children who add a touch of democratic color to schools in Northern suburbs. The reluctance of white parents to send their children to essentially Negro schools is humanly understandable, if not in accord with the precepts of modern sociology.

At the heart of Southern resistance to integration is the belief that the schools are woven into the social fabric of the community; that a tear in the classroom may rip apart everything. What the white Southerner wishes to hold together is a society in which his moral and cultural standards prevail. Against bombast from the press and scolding from the pulpit, he steadfastly argues that status cannot be conferred; it must be earned. To buttress his argument that the Negro has not earned the right to be treated as an equal, the white Southerner marshals impassive statistics on Negro illegitimacy, crime and insolvency.

But the case for the South, when offered in black-and-white, adds up to a fatal weakness. Granted, the Negro, as a race, does not measure up to the white standard, but what of the growing Negro middle class? The Negro white-collar worker, who has achieved middle-class rank by great exertion, is excluded as ruthlessly from white schools and society as the shiftless Negro field hand. To his credit, Workman rises above the storm of North-South calumny and acknowledges that "the white man has provided no place in the Southern order of things" for the Negro middle class. He writes: "The white Southerner can contribute importantly to the easing of segregation tenseness, and to the ultimate adjustment of the racial problem itself, by the simple expedient—the word is used deliberately—

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of extending to the Negro Southerner a larger and more adequate share of personal dignity and decency."

The Negro middle class is the key to future race relations in the South —and the North as well. Negro leaders, if they see the wall of white resistance transformed into a gate of acceptance, may assert themselves more effectively in dealing with the social and moral problems of the Negro community.

Understandably, the center of attention in the desegregation controversy has been the Negro, whose involvement is dramatic and immediate. But white men, North and South, are equally involved. It is a truism that interracial lines of communication are all but broken in the South; but the lines of intersectional communication between white men are almost nonexistent. Beneath the indignation of Northern hypocrisy and political expediency, there is in *The Case for the South* an appeal for a North-South dialogue which reasonable men will approach without blind self-righteousness.

It is sadly ironic, paradoxical indeed, that the South should feel itself excluded and unheeded, unable to make its voice heard, for the voice of modern American literature is distinctly Southern. Out of the "Sahara of the Bozart" mapped by Mencken have come the literary giants of our time. While journalists traveled South to upbraid the supposed Yahoos, men of ideas sent North the ingredients of culture. One group of Southerners is especially important: the poets and critics who met, by happy coincidence, at Vanderbilt University in the 1920's. In *The Fugitive Group* (Louisiana State University Press, $5.00), Louise S. Cowan traces the common creative roots of such men as John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, Robert Penn Warren and Merrill Moore, who made—without self-consciousness—of their regional heritage a profoundly influential art. In *The Fugitive*, their little magazine, these civilized young men sowed the seeds of the toweringly dominant New Poetry and New Criticism. In the 1930's, the leading spirits of the Nashville group styled themselves "Agrarians" and tellingly protested the dehumanizing inroads of industrialism in a manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand.*

By their talent and intellect, these Southerners stirred a renascence that has brought their region unchallenged literary supremacy. The civilizing role of the South in the past three decades makes ludicrous the glib libels of the Neo-Abolitionists, whose regions have given to American culture the hipster and beatnik. Defamed from without, caught in its own contradictions, the South will yet be heard, for in contrast to much of the United States it has something important to say. Its genius may be, as Fugitive-Agrarian Donald Davidson has written, that "it offers its people belief rather than doubt, conviction rather than skepticism, loyalty rather than distrust."

Ronald Knox

SIR SHANE LESLIE

Ronnie Knox's circle was so select and circumspect at Eton, Oxford or amongst English writers that few in America will fully enjoy Evelyn Waugh's biography (*Monsignor Ronald Knox,* Little, Brown, $5.00). Ronnie was tiptop scholar of his generation in Latin and Greek and Biblical English, but he was a satirist, a detective novelist and a wit. Though he had no elocution, the Church used him like a prima donna in the pulpit. He became a recluse and translated the Vulgate Bible in ten years. It would have made St. Jerome's lion sit up and paw his admiration. Ronnie was shy and refused to be a lion, hence his refusal of tempting offers in America and of visits to Rome. As the rebirth of Newman in thought, diction and, oddly enough, features, he was afraid that the Vatican would change his headgear or the color of his buttons. He accepted an Apostolic Pronotaryship which is one of the consolation prizes the Church deals out to failed—bishops.

He came from an Anglican Bishop's litter (but what a brood!), including an editor of *Punch,* an atheist Fellow of Kings, Cambridge, a High Church priest and finally Ronnie. If Newman shook Oxford with a single tract, Ronnie convulsed it with a parody of Dryden's satire *Absalom and Achitophel,* only Ronnie called it *Absolute and Abitofhell.* And so through life. He believed that Catholic propaganda should be made by humor and satire. He resembled Swift but poured oil, not vinegar. He made no enemies, for his hobby was collecting friends. His beautiful collection of Eton and Oxford friends was massacred by the First War. He never recovered and avoided a career.

I can remember him at Eton in 1902. The smallest boy in the Fifth Form Select. I sat beside him but I never addressed him a word out of snobbery, for I was an Oppidan and he was a scholar wearing a gown like a gaberdine! But he had his uses when the terrible Headmaster Warre, looking like a Cyclops in his glasses, sometimes threw the door open, and forty terrified boys in tails rose praying inwardly they would not be called to construe the Greek. The form master, also frightened, always called on "Knox minor" who could give a reading of Sophocles with a look of innocent assurance, and we all breathed again.

Oxford was a long triumph. There was no prize trophy he could not win, no society he could not address in paradox, no dinner he could not convulse. He was a polished Chesterton—a Chesterton without guile and a Belloc without anger.

Trinity made him a Chaplain, which was like putting a jester into a surplice. He developed the sport of teasing bishops and carried experiment and eccentricity in the Church of England until there seemed little of England, or even of Church as understood by Anglicans, left. He and his friends used a Book of *Uncommon* Prayer. But it was all good fun and kept religion at the universities amongst many who had a mocking spirit or taste for practical jokes. An amusing photograph shows the future Monsignors Knox and Vernon Johnson at Caldey Island in 1910, but they might be two runaway schoolboys on Coney Island.

It is rather impudent to puff or push Ronnie to the American public. It would be a glaring exemplar of "caviar for the general." But perhaps NATIONAL REVIEW would enjoy a little

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ecclesiastical caviar. Take alone some of Ronnie's titles. They read remote from the pastoral job and they bewildered many good prelates—*Studies in Sherlock Holmes, Let Dons Delight, The Mass in Slow Motion* or *Reunion All Round.* This last was a perfect parody of Swift at his most mocking logicality. There was no sect he did not present for reunion with the Church of England. It was based on Mallock's parody of the great Dr. Jowett in the *New Republic,* where Jowett accepts tolerantly (almost godlikely) the negation of God if only held conscientiously. And of course Ronnie was thinking of Shaw's broad definition of British bishops as part of a great Moslem Empire and therefore free to have several wives!

Much of Ronnie's writing reads like schoolboys at play. He seemed to be

MGR. RONALD KNOX: ". . . He resembled Swift but poured oil, not vinegar."

quenching his bitter grief for losses in the wars. Suddenly he dried his tears and quelled his laughter and sat down for a ten years' grind. Chapter by chapter he produced an English Bible. He said that he translated the Gospels as though they had just been discovered in scrolls or papyrus for the first time and he had turned them into language fit for the *Daily Mail.* As it was, Presbyterian ministers, though not caught by the sacred name of Knox, read his version because it gave many an idea what St. Paul's Epistles meant.

To admirers outside the Church it seemed that a first-class mind (perhaps a mixture of Porson and Calverly), had been set to translate a portentous Latin piece into Schoolmasters' English. Within the Church controversy has arisen to what extent, like Newman, he was discouraged and baffled. It now appears from Mr. Woodruff's review that—though Cardinal Bourne hoped to use him to turn St. Edmunds, an old-fashioned seminary, into a striking school like Eton or Winchester and failed—Cardinal Griffin encouraged and God-sped the new Bible with generosity rarely shown a convert.

The Business Novel

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

WE HAVE MADE some progress in the business novel. But whether business as business is enough to inspire truly great fiction has yet to be demonstrated.

Cameron Hawley, who broke away from the Cowperwood-Babbitt stereotype in *Executive Suite* and *Cash McCall,* continues to steer clear of easy social satire in his latest novel about business, *The Lincoln Lords* (Little, Brown, $5.00). Mr. Hawley knows that businessmen live by decision, pitting their judgments day in and day out against the fates in a never-ending struggle to outwit the law of diminishing returns. He respects his businessmen as older novelists did not. He knows that the novelist can extract high drama by catching the businessman at the moment of decision. And he does not fudge up his prose to make points about sociological fashion that were old hat even when Thorstein Veblen was still alive.

Having said this much, one must still confess to a slight disappointment in *The Lincoln Lords.* The story itself is exciting. Here we have a man of bold front and charming presence, Mr. Lincoln Lord, a $50,000-a-year man who has headed up a succession of companies, Union Packing, Frazer Glass, Luxor Pharmacal, the Chemical Service Corporation—Lincoln Lord has job-jumped from one to another, leaving behind him an enigmatic trail. He has never been able to have his way—yet in each case he has left a company in sounder shape than when he came into it. Did he do this by anything in his own character, or was it always because he had someone—usually good old Brick Mitchell—to feed him ideas? And if he always managed to have a Brick Mitchell around, how necessary was the "Lincoln Lord touch" in getting the Mitchell ideas across to boards of directors and to obtuse majority stockholders?

As Mr. Hawley takes Lincoln Lord into the small Coastal Foods Company on the Jersey shore, the opinion about the man in business circles is quite mixed. He makes a good impression whenever he makes a speech—but his own son is contemptuous of him because some ghost has invariably written the speech for him. Even Maggie Lord, Linc's wife, has come to doubt him. Yet the Coastal Foods people—from Kira Zurich, the widow who owns the business, on down to the meanest cannery worker in the little town of Goodhaven—grab at him as a potential maker of magic. And, true to the Lord behavior pattern, Linc Lord's presence seems to induce an upturn in the company's fortunes. This is followed, of course, by Linc's inability to make Kira Zurich stick to her resolution to let her new president run the business with a free hand.

The bone of contention is a "wonder food" created by a scientist with his own ideas of child nutrition, Dr. Lee Perrill. Kira Zurich, who has watched Dr. Perrill's enzyme-packed goulash fill out the bodies and actually sharpen up the mental processes of the orphans to whom she has devoted her life at the Haven Home, keeps the pressure on until Linc Lord decides in favor of packing the stuff. Even so, Kira and Linc tangle over a matter of company personalities, in which anti-Semitism—or at least the problem created by latent anti-Semitism in some parts of the business community—plays an obscure but nonetheless palpable role. This time, however, Lincoln Lord stands up and fights to remain at the helm of the company he does not own. He does it in a seemingly heroic way. But whether it is really heroic, or whether it is simply because the circumstances in Coastal Foods—a small company—differ from those which snagged Lincoln Lord in the far bigger "empires" of Frazer

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Glass and Luxor Pharmacal, remains a point of conjecture.

One feels at the end that Lincoln Lord is still a mystery. Did he make his ultimate decision out of a rediscovered sense of loyalty? Or was it merely the compulsion of events (a fortuitous food poisoning crisis) that had made him sufficiently angry to take the bit between his teeth? The question of motivation is still obscure: for all one knows, Linc Lord may still be an empty man.

At times one has the feeling that Mr. Hawley is preaching a subtle sermon about the superior virtues of small companies. No doubt they do have their superior virtues. But the bigger question—why should a man be "loyal" to a competitive organization in default of any demonstrable competitive urge on the part of the organization to hold him?—remains unresolved. Linc Lord's Coastal Foods is, after all, merely a mode of doing business, not a church, a wife, a family, a nation or a God. And if Coastal Foods could not do business for Linc in return for his doing business for it, he would certainly have been justified in resigning to take that job as President of Chesapeake College.

If the ethical import of *The Lincoln Lords* remains cloudy, it is probably because the question of loyalty to a means—and business is a means, not an end, of life—must be forever debatable. When a means becomes inappropriate to one's ends, there is no particular moral delinquency involved in laying it aside. But this does not quite exhaust the subject. Lincoln Lord had made an engagement in his own soul to put Coastal Foods on the map. He might have seemed a quitter to himself if he had left the company at a time when its future was imperilled. And that would have been something more than quitting a mere means.

If Mr. Hawley intended this as the moral of the tale, then it is enough, the question of Lincoln Lord's motivation is settled, and he stands for something more than a well-stuffed shirt. But the larger problem of the business novel still tantalizes the reader. The businessman, in trying to wring subsistence and profit from this earth, is engaged in a most respectable calling. But there is much more to man than subsistence and profit. Must the business novel, in its concentration on limited functions, inevitably condemn itself to a minor position in letters? Or might it not be used to transcend itself? Ayn Rand has used businessmen—and businesswomen—as symbolic illustrations of the larger problems of creativity and freedom. What might Cameron Hawley, who is not a creator of symbols but a purveyor of realistic drama, accomplish if he were to tackle the Ayn Rand theme on the naturalistic plane? Could he find instances in the business community to feed his imagination? One would like to see him try.

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Men and Ideas

Wrong Target

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

"WHAT's the matter with poetry?" Karl Shapiro asked recently in the *New York Times Book Review*. The sharp answer might be: Karl Shapiro. For Mr. Shapiro, a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, is certainly a member in good standing of the poetic Establishment. Though his next book will be called *In Defense of Ignorance*, this is but partial mitigation. Mr. Shapiro's plaintive yodel on the ills of contemporary poetry betrays more than it explains.

True, his preliminary diagnosis makes sense. Contemporary poetry *does* present "a tangle of subtleties and grotesques." A small group of poet-critics *do* dominate the field—and "a literary junta or gang can seize power as surely as a political gang." There is no doubt that criticism today "is a propaganda for a handful of power-hungry writers, many of whom are the authors of the criticism itself" and its obscurantism "is as great as that of the poetry it tries to defend."

But Mr. Shapiro, having nobly declared his love of the hare, very prudently begins to run with the hounds. For it quickly develops that the villain of Mr. Shapiro's piece is not the collective leadership which today dictates the course of American verse. Contemporary poetry is a "diseased art," he hastens to accuse, because of its "adoration of what is past, conservative, hierarchical, though in practice this literature is full of concealed or open violence." To his mind, clearly, T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* and the latest Mickey Spillane novel are brothers under the paperback.

Mr. Shapiro sees Mr. Eliot as a kind of Senator McCarthy in metrics—a pernicious influence whose belief in the British system and Anglo-Catholicism is merely the respectable aspect of Ezra Pound's atheist racism. "Both writers," Mr. Shapiro says darkly, "operate from identical premises and seek a common conclusion to their cause"—a "culture orthodoxy."

"In politics the orthodoxy is anti-democratic, embracing either monarchism or fascism." (To Mr. Shapiro, there is no difference between Canterbury Cathedral and Buchenwald.) "In letters it prescribes anti-romanticism, the annihilation of poets such as Blake [of whom T. S. Eliot wrote affectingly] Lawrence and Whitman, as well as all anti-intellectuals and 'optimists.' In religion it prescribes ritual and dogma." There is even "something like a *Mein Kampf*" of this modern criticism—T. E. Hulme's *Speculations*, published in 1924 but still giving Mr. Shapiro the shakes.

Why Mr. Hulme is singled out is never really explained. Could it be because he wrote that "man is in no sense perfect, but a wretched creature, who can yet comprehend perfection"—an approach to the doctrine of Original Sin and the nature of the poetic process which Mr. Shapiro obviously finds too original and too dangerous to allow it houseroom with, say, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Among those presumably corseted in orthodoxy or girdled by a ritualism of form by Mr. Shapiro—no obscurantist, he! —is Wallace Stevens, perhaps the greatest poet America has produced, though suspect because he was a successful businessman. Mr. Shapiro, who objects to the academic dissection of poetry and pleads for more vine leaves in our hair, could hardly have read Wallace Stevens' letter to an Irish friend.

"It is a queer thing," he wrote, "that so few reviewers realize that one writes poetry because one must. Most

Random Notes

The number of titles appearing in quality paperbacks grows by leaps and bounds. . . . The latest issue of *Paperbound Books in Print* is almost twice the size it was a year or two ago. . . . Among publishers entering the field in recent months —Scribner, Praeger, Cambridge University Press, Macmillan. . . . Two new reprints of particular interest to NATIONAL REVIEW readers: James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution* (Indiana University Press), with a new introduction by Mr. Burnham; Richard M. Weaver's *Ideas Have Consequences* (University of Chicago Press).

Books into Movies. Recently concluded deals for movie adaptations include Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent;* James Michener's *Hawaii;* Theodore H. White's *View from the 40th Floor;* Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World.*

Admiral Lewis L. Strauss has signed a contract with Doubleday for a book to be entitled *Men and Decisions,* discussing his experiences in government. . . . Also to be published by Doubleday later this year, *My Road to Berlin* by Willy Brandt, the Mayor of West Berlin. . . . Bernard Geis Associates announce another book by Harry Truman, *Mr. Citizen.*

Ernest Hemingway is reported working on a long appendix to *Death in the Afternoon,* his bull-fighting opus, and considering writing a biographical novel on Ordonnez, one of Spain's greatest living matadors.

Gore Vidal's new play, *The Best Man,* which deals with a struggle for a Presidential nomination, is beset with difficulties, reports *Variety.* A number of Democratic contenders, personal friends of Robert L. Stevens, the producer, have read the script and dislike it so much they have urged Stevens to drop it completely; a test of influential Washington opinion has led to abandonment of the original plan to use Washington for the try-out run; and, while the Presidential character resembling Warren G. Harding has definitely been cast with Melvyn Douglas in the role, the producer has been unable to find a suitable actor for the Vice Presidential character, who is supposed to resemble Nixon.

F.S.M.

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of them seem to think that one writes poetry in order to imitate Mallarmé, or in order to be a member of this or that school. It is quite possible to have a feeling about the world which creates a need that nothing seems to satisfy except poetry and this has nothing to do with other poets or with anything else."

It has been a long time since any serious critic has accused T. S. Eliot of being a bad poet, a fascist, and a bad poet because he is a fascist. To my best recollection, no one has ever berated Stevens because he is not "brutal, illiterate, and hysterical"—qualities which Mr. Shapiro finds acceptable in those putative poets fighting a putative war for poetic freedom. Poetry is form, poetry is content, and poetry is something else beside, which Mr. Shapiro neither has nor recognizes. For him the "poetry of ideas" and the "poetry of theologies" is always a "third-rate poetry." This should be news to Dante, to Milton, to John Donne, and to the Psalmists.

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Theater

The Ready-to-Wear Dybbuk

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He done it again.

Paddy Chayefsky, that old West Bronx pool shark, took a cue from the late Elaine Carrington, used some high left Yiddish and ran the table to emerge unchallenged as the Wille Hoppe of Shubert's Alley. His *The Tenth Man,* the most heart-warming bit of alleged theater to hit town since Brooks Atkinson was a cub, drew loud hosannas from that sucker list euphemistically referred to as the New York Drama Critics Circle and promises to keep sending 'em home from the Booth, misty-eyed, for some time to come.

The Tenth Man is a Seventh Avenue copy of an S. Ansky original, and, as in those Balenciaga copies at S. Klein's, the difference is somewhere in the seams. Like *The Dybbuk,* Ansky's masterpiece, *The Tenth Man* has to do with exorcising a demon or *dybbuk,* a malevolent spirit inhabiting a human body. Unlike *The Dybbuk,* the Chayefsky number is pure kosher soap opera. Our old friends the Goldbergs are there, magically transplanted from Radioland to Mineola, laughing, drinking, and exorcising it up in a synagogue or *shul.* They are joined, early in the action, by Papa David and Chee Chee dollink (and who's minding the bookstore?) —but that's getting ahead of the plot, such as it is.

Taking these goodies as they drift onstage, the first problem at the Booth these evenings is to find a tenth man, ten men constituting the quorum or *minyan* necessary to hold a rite in a *shul.* While the harassed *shamus* (sexton) rushes out into the cold to collar that tenth man, three warm-hearted old *batlonim* wait around cracking daughter-in-law gags discarded by Lou Holtz about the time Eddie Cantor dropped his blackface act. These lovable codgers are soon abetted by a covey of cronies, one of whom brings down the house by arriving in a red football jersey with white numerals.

Another of these cronies—watch carefully here—arrives with his granddaughter, diagnosed by the literal-minded staff at a nearby funny farm as hopelessly paranoid-schizophrenic. Paranoid-schmaranoid, it's a *dybbuk,* says Foxy Grandpa, stashing her in the rabbi's office while he and his colleagues *schmooz* it over. At this point the *shamus* returns with a recalcitrant.

It's a Jewish Jimmy Porter, here in the guise of a loveless young lawyer who has given his drink-wife-life problems unto an analyst. So. A Professional Man makes the scene. Now. Here is the neo-traditional answer to the prayers of any Jewish family with a marriageable female in the wings, even a paranoid-schizophrenic and/or *dybbuk*-infested marriageable female in the rabbi's office. But wait. This Professional Man turns out to be a divorced alcoholic with a distinctly suicidal bent. So? Still a good catch, and anyway—who's she to be choosy?

Proceed to romance, interspersed by prayers, dances, toasts, and more jokes to do Willie Howard proud. Those on hand finally agree to exorcise the girl's *dybbuk,* although the regular rabbi, a bustling Rotarian interested in the Little League, prefers to leave the ceremony to an elderly *hasid* of his congregation. Before the exorcism, the Professional Man tells the bedybbuked girl that it's no soap, kosher or otherwise. It seems he has in him neither love nor Bleefs, not in God, not in man, not even, presumably, in Yale. Girl swoons. On with the exorcism, downfield to the *denouement.* Somebody swoons, and it's not the girl. *Dubbuk, dubbuk,* who's got the *dybbuk*? It's the Professional Man

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after all. Recovering, he finds love by curtain time.

Aside from being authentic corn, *The Tenth Man* represents a genuine waste of first-rate acting talent. Among those squandering considerable gifts on this shoddy piece of goods are Jacob Ben-Ami, George Vosovec, and Lou Jacobi. Faring a little better, Arnold Marlé, as the old *hasid,* contributes one of the few moments of real theater in this whole cloying affair: his dance of joy at learning through a dream that his dead father, a former Kropocknicker Rabbi, has forgiven him his blasphemy. David Vardi, a founder of the Habimah Theater and one of the most distinguished actors on the Hebrew stage, strives mightily as the *shamus,* but even a man of his stature can lend little tragi-comic dignity to a character conceived as a ghetto Barry Fitzgerald.

More attuned to the general tenor of the production are Donald Harron (the Professional Man) and Risa Schwartz, the daughter of the great Yiddish actor Maurice Schwartz. (Mr. Harron is reputed to be a Canadian intellectual—whatever that may be; Miss Schwartz's qualifications include being accepted at Hunter College on the same day that she was offered her role in *The Tenth Man,* a double-first unrivalled since Marjorie Morgenstern's School Days.) Quite in their league is Tyrone Guthrie, who likes to be called "Dr." Guthrie but is just plain Tony to a few intimate friends.

Back in the days when the author of this gloppy mass of halvah was on the academic hustle at CCNY, his simple desire was "to make a shekel in the writing racket." Attack the racket he did, with the determination of Lepke Buchalter invading the garment district. Now in his late thirties, he has a literary output impressive at least in its mere bulk. Several television plays, including *Marty* and *The Bachelor Party,* were the beginning; you know the rest.

Chayefsky quickly abandoned the rather refreshing directness of the make-a-shekel line. And once he began talking, he talked non-stop, interminably, incessantly, unremittingly and unmercifully. He talked cross-county, transatlantic, across Europe, and clean to the borders of Asia, where he was searching for that "little Russian town" of his family's origin. He talked politics, literature, economics, sociology, the creative process, uniformity, conformity, Hollywood, Broadway, TV, and American values. (He was agin 'em. Too crass.) "Ninety-eight per cent of Broadway is junk." (Amen.) "Dogs like us, we ain't such dogs as we think we are." (Reading from *Marty* in the Sitwell manner.) The suburbs: "They stink." TV: "A big malevolent juggernaut that's gonna chew me up." The United States: "It's like Rome. I can hear the clanking of the barbarians at the gate."

It seems deplorable that popular literature and drama about American Jews should be monopolized by such vulgarians as Chayefsky, Herman Wouk and Jerome Weidman. Although potentially important writers like Bernard Malamud and Philip Roth occasionally break through, we are stuck, by and large, with these tenth-rate men.

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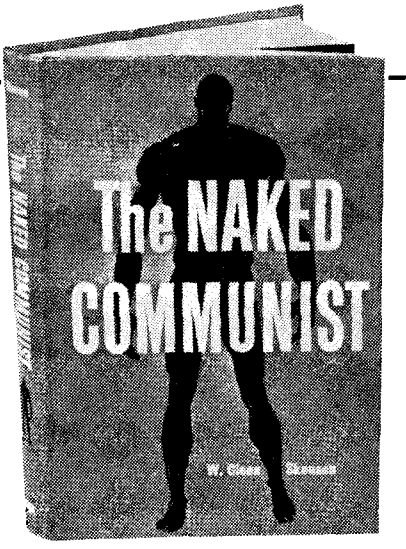

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To the Editor

"What About Ayn Rand?"—Pro and Con

I have always admired Professor Root as a writer; but when he attempts [January 30] to defend Ayn Rand as an apostle of conservatism, saying that "Even Chambers can go off the beam," my reaction is simply: "So can Professor Root!"

The basis for Professor Root's defense of Miss Rand seems to be the fact that she is a brilliant and effective writer. Diego Rivera is a brilliant and effective painter, but this does not make his ideas any more edifying. . . .

The thing Professor Root fails to see . . . is that Miss Rand's atheism is not incidental to the theme of the story; it is essential to her thesis. She attempts to make religion the cause of all the evils that beset us. Professor Root gives her credit for intending to attack hypocrisy and "pseudo-Christian sentimentality"—but this is not what she does. She attacks what she obviously *thinks* is Christianity. (What she describes is actually more like Manichaeism, and the Church preceded her by some centuries in condemning it.)

Professor Root quotes Miss Rand's thoughts as voiced through one of her characters: "The heroic in man . . . Seeking God—and finding itself." Is this atheistic? he asks. It is indeed. The atheist, failing to perceive God, exalts man and puts him in God's place. . . .

But the crux of the matter is this: that Miss Rand is selling us back into collectivism, while she claims to be freeing us. As I said in a review of *Atlas Shrugged* when it first came out:

> The shock is in the fact that while Miss Rand quite logically has her characters perish as a consequence of ideas they held themselves . . . she fails completely to understand the underlying cause of the philosophy she so ably describes. Thus, her indictment of collectivism, relativism, and lack of logic is vitiated by her own religious and philosophical confusion. She does not grasp the fact that when men abandon the laws of God, they fall into a state where they may readily be exploited by Socialistic planners who promise to show them "the way out." And failing to understand this, she develops a not-very-new philosophy similar to that of Epicurus, which in practice can only lead back to that collectivism that she fears.

If conservatives cannot see this, then it is easy to understand their failures.

Houston, Texas EDITH MYERS

. . Mr Root makes a glowing and well-deserved defense of my favorite contemporary author, Ayn Rand (though I wish he had mentioned *Anthem*).

Sevierville, Tenn. DOUG HEINSOHN

E. Merrill Root's attempted "defense" of Ayn Rand is even more offensive than Whittaker Chambers' open attack on her philosophy two years ago. Both Mr. Chambers and Mr. Root have a frozen concept of morality, and are unable to conceive of any philosophic alternative other than, on the one hand, the combination of God-religion-and-moral values, or, on the other hand, the combination of atheism-materialism-and-no-moral values. Whittaker Chambers, unable—or unwilling—to grasp Ayn Rand's position, attempts to label her a materialist. Merrill Root, however, similarly failing to understand her position, goes to the other extreme and argues that she is not a materialist, that her heart and her subconscious—whether she knows it or not—are with religion. Both men are totally wrong in their attempts to categorize Objectivism, Miss Rand's philosophy, for Objectivism is an entirely new and original philosophic system and one which cannot be subsumed under either of the above traditional and mistaken alternatives.

Whittaker Chambers, though . . . distorting Ayn Rand's philosophy, at least recognizes that the tenets of Objectivism are diametrically opposed to those of Christianity. . . . Mr. Root, however . . . does not even recognize the incompatibility of Objectivism and any form of mysticism, face the implications of his allegiance to Christianity, and take the logically necessary stand of declaring himself in opposition to Objectivism. Wishing to

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please both sides, Mr. Root attempts to reconcile Christianity and Objectivism. In order to do so, he totally distorts and misinterprets Miss Rand's views and shows, in the process, how little he has actually grasped of her philosophy. . . .

New York City VIVIAN GRANT

E. Merrill Root is apparently propounding a new kind of criticism: if you disagree with someone, just declare she doesn't mean what she says. Miss Rand, he asserts, does not know her own metaphysics—but he does. (Since he finds her epistemology "sound," why doesn't he use it? Would he please identify the means by which *he* "knows" what her subconscious holds?)

By what sleight-of-mind can he hail her magnificent achievement as one based on faith? He does her a greater injustice than her enemies, for rather than admit that he does not accept her metaphysics, he attempts to "prove" that she accepts his! Miss Rand could not be more clear about her view of the nature of reality: it is "that which exists." Professor Root would have her go "deeper still"—into theism, because he has not understood that a theist is a "mystic of the mind." Like Blake and Aquinas, he has not truly grasped the difference between reason and mysticism, nor the meaning of the axiomatic statement that "contradictions cannot exist."

How unjust to switch his own contradictions to her! If Ayn Rand's metaphysics offend Professor Root, let him check his premises. Hers are as sound as John Galt's dollar.

New York City PHILIP and KAY SMITH

. . . With all due respect to [Mr. Root's] erudition and eloquence, I humbly maintain that for once the wings of his enthusiasm have carried him far beyond the permissible limits of indulgent criticism into the realm of self-imposed naiveté. At one's most charitable, it is hard to see how *Atlas Shrugged* can be considered anything more than a second-rate rehash of Nietzsche at his particularly fanciful . . .

To me at least a mixture of meaningless jargon and hollow bombast is not the stuff epics are made of. Worst of all, from the conservative standpoint, Miss Rand does her best (and comes very near to success) to turn her readers into fanatical enemies of the very system she purports to advocate. If the puerile image of a dollar stuck on a totem pole truly represents the spirit of capitalism, then common decency should compel us all forthwith to mail our contribution to the treasury box of the ADA. . . .

Toronto, Canada SIDNEY KRUPICKA

. . . E. Merrill Root deserves praise for attempting to defend Ayn Rand, but shame on him for slyly criticizing her for her atheism. In proclaiming

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her atheism, as much as in proclaiming her individualism, she is "guilty" of only one thing: fearless intellectual honesty. I write as an atheist. . . .

Whether I am a "conservative" or not is an open question. Certainly I believe in free capitalism, and abhor Communism. And I see absolutely no reason why an atheist cannot regard free capitalism as the best economic system; and no reason why a religious believer cannot consistently advocate collectivism. . . .

An orchid for Ayn Rand; and a second orchid to her because, in abandoning . . . religious mysticism, she did not also abandon a warm love for humanity. And a third orchid to her for saying, "They, the intellectuals who seek to escape from moral values, they are the damned of the earth, theirs is the guilt beyond forgiveness." . . .

Delta, Utah RICHARD S. MORRISON

Thank you for printing Professor Root's magnificent tribute to Ayn Rand. . . . Miss Rand merits praise of the highest order, which she has now received from someone worthy to bestow it. . . .

Tulsa, Okla. LISBETH G. BROOKS

The Record

. . . In accepting Major Truman Smith's testimony that Colonel Lindbergh actually interceded with Goering in behalf of the Jews in the Third Reich at Berlin, in October 1938, John Chamberlain ["Moral Son of a Moral Father," January 16] apparently is unaware that on September 11, 1941, at Des Moines, Iowa, before the America First Group, Lindbergh made these inflammatory remarks:

> The three most important groups which are pressing this country toward war are the British, the Roosevelt Administration and the Jews. Instead of agitating for war, the Jewish group in this country should be opposing it in every possible way, for they will be among the first to feel its consequences. Tolerance is a virtue that depends on peace and strength. History shows that it cannot survive war and devastation. A few far-sighted Jewish people realize this and stand opposed to intervention. But the majority still do not. Their greatest danger to this country lies in their major ownership and influence in our motion pictures, our press, our radio and our government.

Captured 1940 German war documents, printed in the *New York Times*

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on August 1, 1957, characterized Colonel Lindbergh as "the most important of the forces opposing the Jewish element and the present policy of the United States." These secret German documents, taken by the Allies when Berlin fell in 1945, revealed Nazi intrusion in United States politics during the 1940 Presidential campaign. Herr Thomsen, Nazi agent, observed that "the Willkie nomination is unfortunate for us; he is not an isolationist." He added that "Colonel Lindbergh's attitude was to wait and see whether Willkie will be able to avoid the bondage to Jewry." Thomsen added that "the circle about Lindbergh was trying to impede the fatal control of American policy by the Jews."

Unwittingly, Lindbergh was working hand in glove with Nazi propagandists. Hitler, having commenced his bombing of Britain and his invasion of Russia, desperately needed a neutralized United States.

It is a very great American tragedy that Lindbergh's dimensions as a flier were not equalled by his dimensions as a human being. It would be equally tragic if Mr. Chamberlain's defense of Lindbergh were not reconciled with the historic record.

New York City ED SULLIVAN

Mr. Chamberlain Replies

If I had been a Jew in 1940, I would have done almost anything to topple Hitler. If I had been a Jew in 1940 living under the dispensation of the First Amendment to the Constitution, I would have conceded Col. Lindbergh his right to his opinion that "tolerance . . . depends on peace. . . ."

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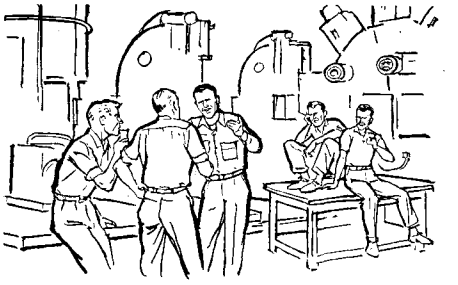

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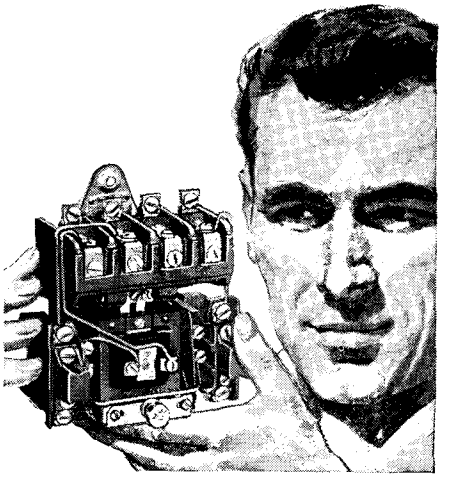

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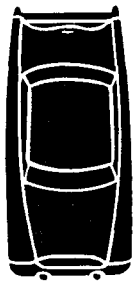

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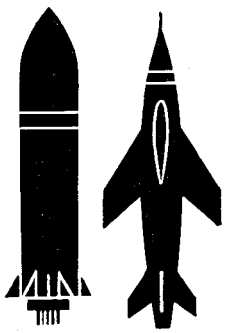

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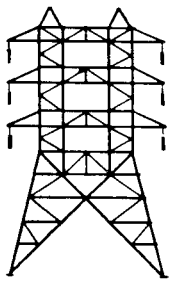

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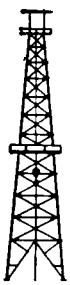

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